SEPT 2001

THE SLATE

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DUFFY'S DELIGHT

BOYZONE KEITH'S JOY AT OUTSIZED BREASTS

SHITTY CITY

NAMED & SHAMED - WE EXPOSE THE SMELLIEST KIPS IN DUBLIN

BLACKY MUSIC

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER HOLIDAY - THE ESSAY

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!

THOMPSON & VENABLES

SEE PAGE 9!

ISSUE 7

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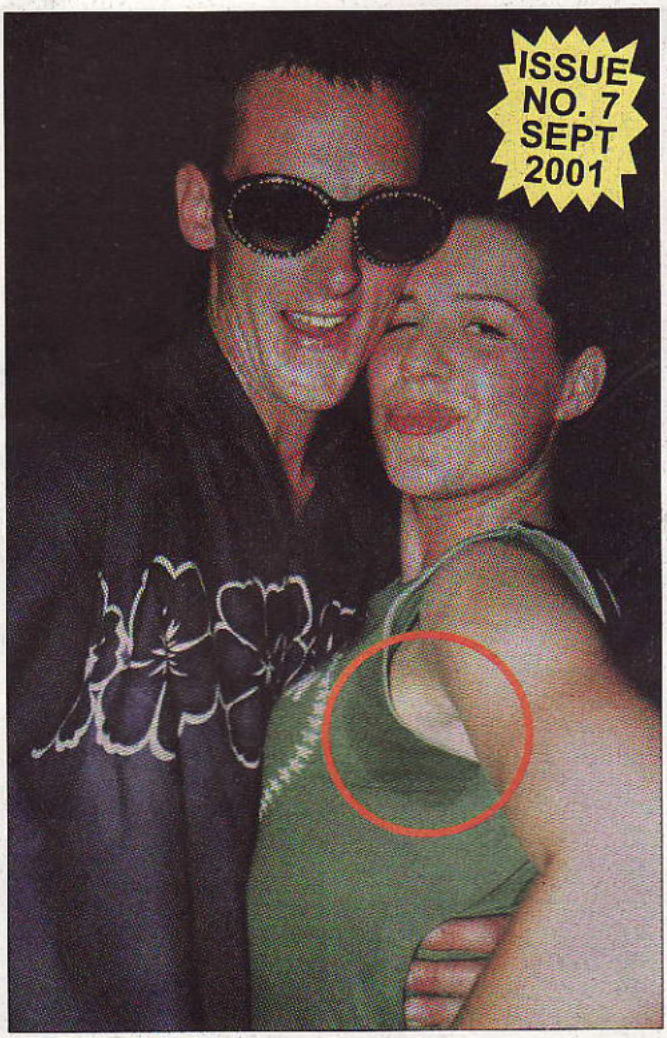

THE MASSAGE

HELLO, I am David Gray the international singer-songwriter sensation, and I am your guest editor. I, and the team here at The Slate, have been working around the clock to bring you the best read in the entire world and I hope I don't sound over the top if I say that this is the greatest single piece of literature ever written. As an A-list celebrity I am often offered prestigious positions and glamorous opportunites. However, none has moved and excited me quite like my time here at The Slate. I now know that real achievement cannot be bought and sold.

FEATURES

WHAT A PONG . . .12

Is Dublin the smelliest city in Europe? We find the city's stinkiest places and point out some people who stink of shit.

FREE POSTER! . . 24

Voted Ireland's greatest newspaper by groups of fascists and porn lovers, The Sun is a truly wonderful publication. Check it out in all its glory on our souvenir centre-page pullout.

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Panic has broken out in Kerry as people all over the place are getting jiggy and mixing with African immigrants. Get the 411 on it in our black-tastic feature.

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Regulars

SOCIAL PAGES . . . 4
Check out our pictures of Dublin's most socially-challenged fucks

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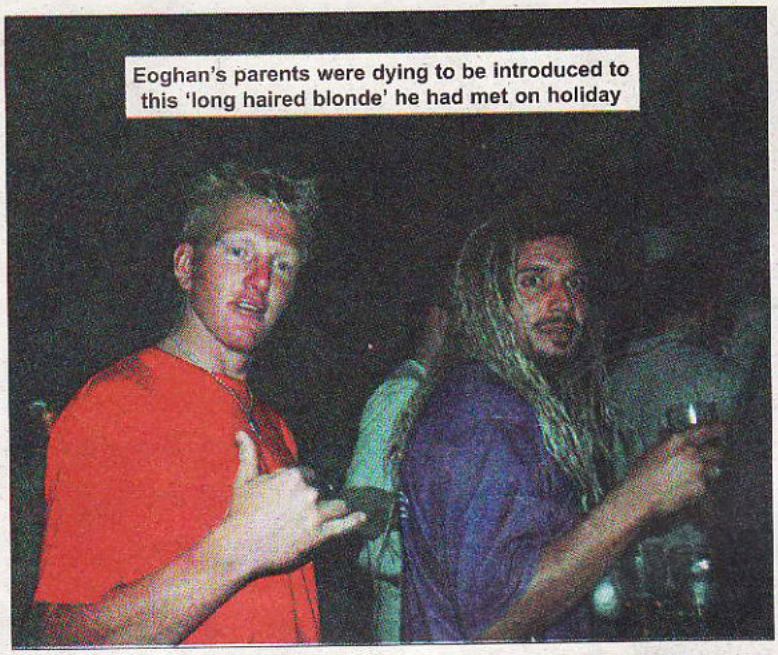
ADVENTURES OF THOMPSON AND VENABLES . . . 9
A tale of two young scallywags on a jaunt around Ireland. Cracking fun.

KICK THE CAT . . . 11
This month the Cat and his owner go on holidays somewhere hot. After that it gets a bit confusing.

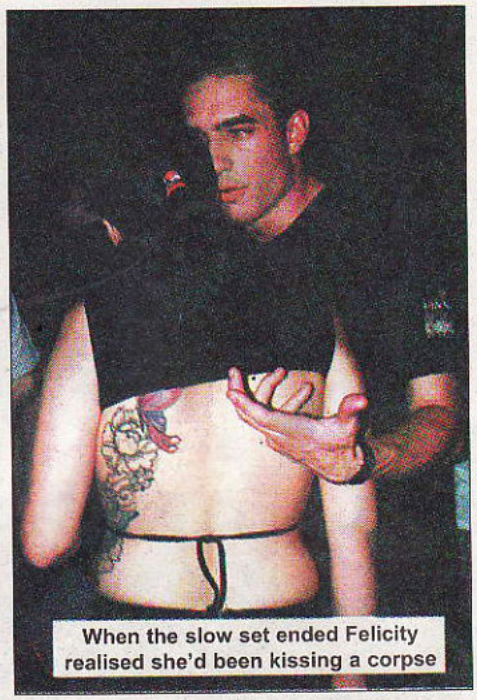
The 'look no hands' trick works for a change

NEXT ISSUE OF THE SLATE WILL BE OUT ON 27 SEPTEMBER

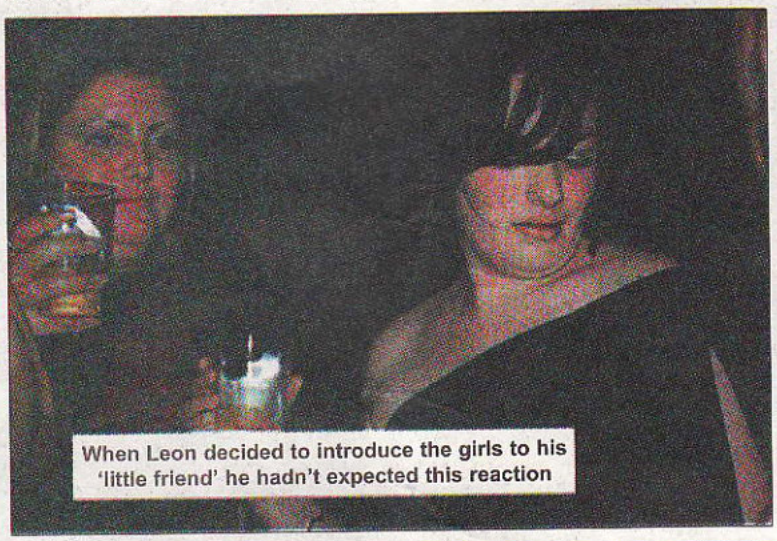
Social Pages



Eoghan's parents were dying to be introduced to this 'long haired blonde' he had met on holiday



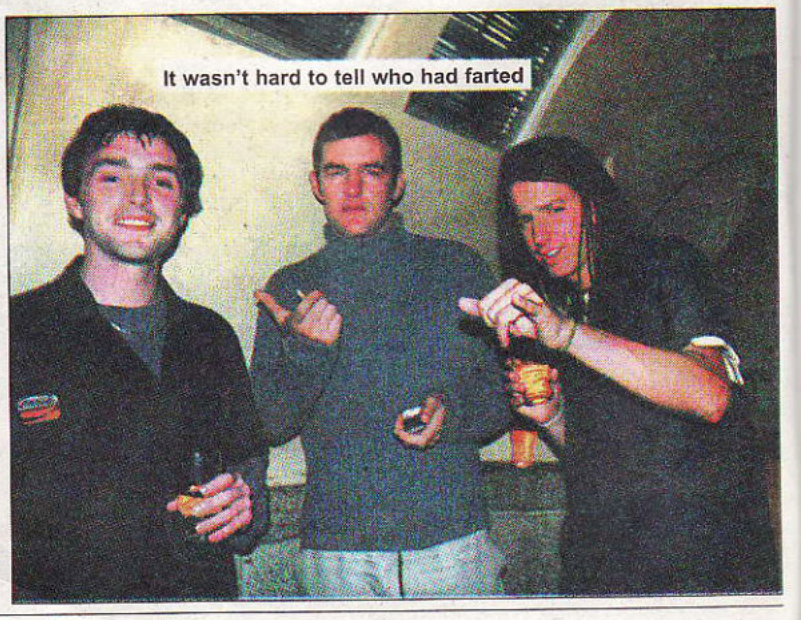
When the slow set ended Felicity realised she'd been kissing a corpse



When Leon decided to introduce the girls to his 'little friend' he hadn't expected this reaction

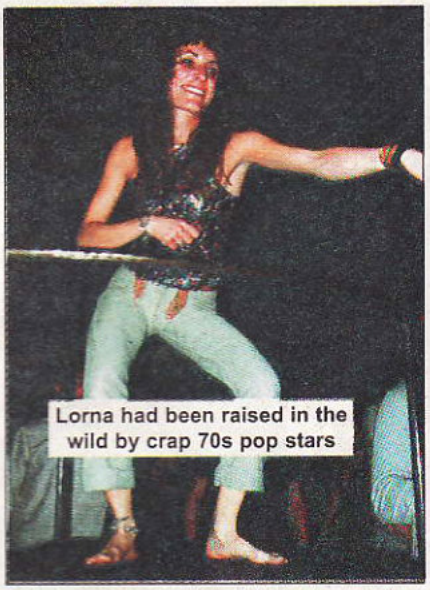
Owl Boy moves in on another unsuspecting victim

Unconvincing t-shirt



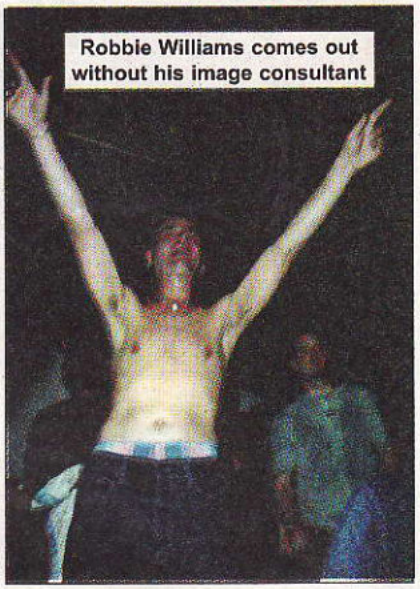
It wasn't hard to tell who had farted

Social Pages

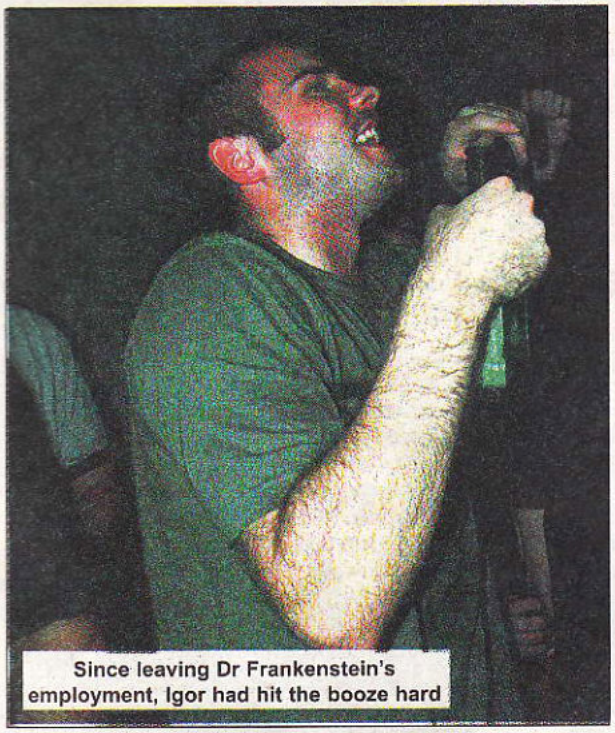


Lorna had been raised in the wild by crap 70s pop stars

Big Country Joe and his sidekick Auschwitz Boy

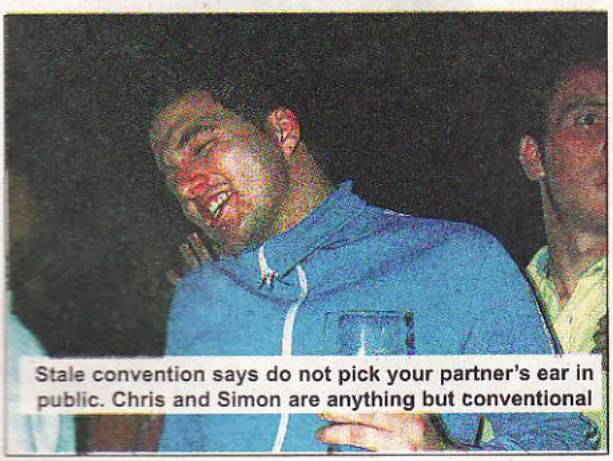


Robbie Williams comes out without his image consultant

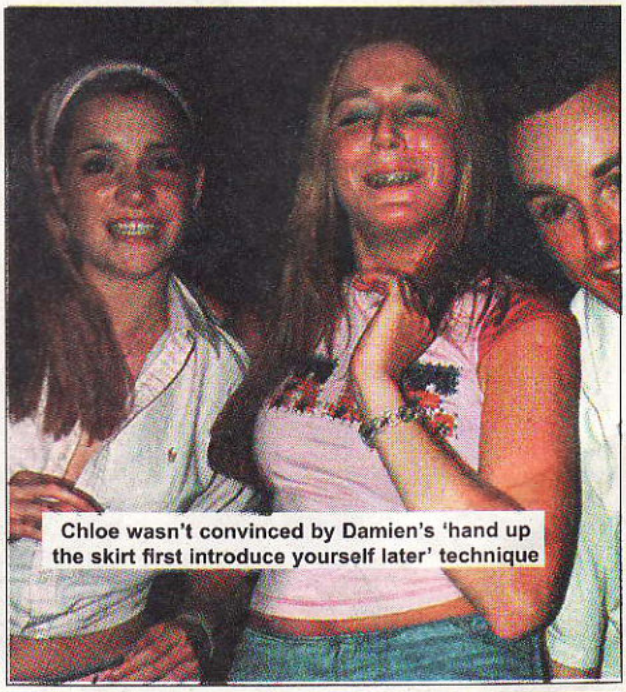


Since leaving Dr Frankenstein's employment, Igor had hit the booze hard

Louis always dreaded the early rounds of the search for a new boyband



Stale convention says do not pick your partner's ear in public. Chris and Simon are anything but conventional



Chloe wasn't convinced by Damien's 'hand up the skirt first introduce yourself later' technique

ALL THE CELEB GOSSIP. FIRST!

WATCH OUT for the Big Buzz / Irish entertainment Awards next month to be hosted by **Keith Duffy**. The moronic Dubliner is well known to have trouble stringing a sentence together and should make a colossal fool of himself.

THE CONTROVERSY over which of the ex-Spice Girls is the biggest brute has flared up afresh with the appearance of **Emma Bunton** on the cover of '19' mag. Pundits thought Ginger had the contest wrapped up but with this well-timed move Baby appears to have thrown the dog race open.

Shit writer **Marian Keyes** makes the main story of Hello magazine this August with an exclusive look at some of the expensive and huge furniture in her Dun Laoghaire home. The no-good novelist not only looks like a suntanned hen but also has some of the city's most enormous sofas.

Marty's Moustache the Star of the Show in Bogger Contest

ONCE AGAIN weird women from all over the world, wearing dresses that make them look pregnant, converged on the town of Tralee this week. The festival (which is utterly pointless besides greasing the palms of a colossal number of pig-ignorant culchies) featured numerous product placements as Moustachoed RTE star, Marty Whelan, lead the girls through their paces.

Several of the ho-s wore hats that made them look like something from Dr Who and the others seem to have let a pitbull cut their hair. Marty himself was every bit the second hand car salesman trying to flog an '82 Datsun.

The Ho-s of Tralee have given us another year of bizarre sexy shit

As usual the promoters tried their damndest to squeeze money out of Dubliners for their culchie 'culcher' festival. Thankfully they got a big FO from the minister.

This year, however, the festival was overshadowed by controversy surrounding Trade Eire's parallel hard house event in the town. The gay club night highlighted the camp appeal of the festival but was not to the taste of the organisers most of whom have pictures of Dev tatooed on their faces.

Marty: He's looking well

Army orgy rejects start Nazi website

AT LAST Ireland seems to be generating a few **fascist websites**. The tabloids kicked up a fuss the other week about **www.nsrus.com** and its 'Say no to Black Ireland' message. However, the sentiments expressed seem to have more to do with rivalries within the Irish military than any bona fide Nazism. Accusations of softness are levelled at several different divisions - apparently the FCA get scared when their boots get muddy and links to army recruiting sites are featured. A bitter ex-soldier excluded from the frequent and kinky army orgies may be responsible.

Irish go bananas for 2CB in San Fran

GOOD NEWS from The Slate's offices in San Francisco. Our J1 correspondant has been sending back frenzied reports of an amazing new rave drug which combines all the good qualities of e, coke and acid. Our man - an excitable culchie - sent back the following description: "2cb= new drug in California its a pill that you haulcinate on and you are full of nrg and confident etc. its also very clean. I'll have some for you when you arrive". With any luck, Dublin's dinosaur drug dealers will have caught onto this new craze in about 5 years time.

Hot Press puts its asshole up for sale

BAD NEWS for Ireland's bible of boring liberalism. Old man's mag Hot Press - which regularly spouts on about how money is ruining the world and everyone should adopt a whale - has been blatantly caught with their fingers in the till of filthy capitalism. With Dublin engulfed in a full-on anti-Esso sticker campaign last month, the old HP hacks cleverly chose to run a 'joint venture' with the evil petrol producers. Lucky readers were treated to a free Esso-sponsored CD called That Petrol Emotion and Lucky Hot Press presumably made off with a fair bit of cash in return for its soul.

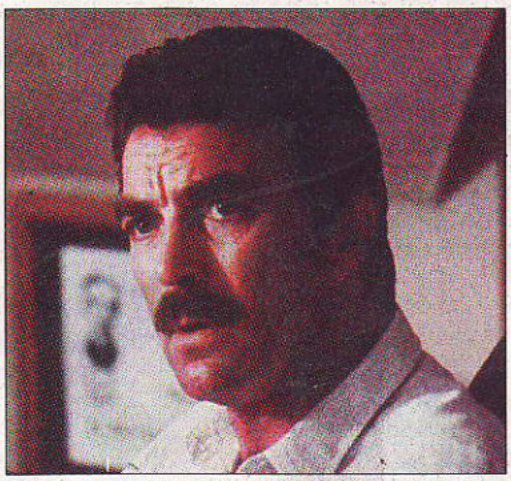
If you want to be sent ideas for features and general jokes in The Slate (i.e. so that you can give us a hand) send a mail to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

Niall Stokes keeping it real with The Bores

Pirates fucked again

There was a big cheer from all music lovers last month when it emerged that Spin FM - Dublin's new 'youth' radio station - would be up and running within a few months.
After spending a couple of years and loads of cash pissing around in the courts, Spin - run by Fianna Failers - is now almost ready to go on air.
Needless to say the rich fucks don't want any annoying pirates around playing better music than them and eating into their 'market share'.

So, in a valiant bid to protect their mates' interests, the ODTR (the strong arm of radio enforcement in Ireland) have gone clampdown crazy and started hassling all the pirates to fuck.
Already, 8 pirates have been shut down, and a load more have been told to get the fuck off the air.
ODTR tactics have ranged from straightforward threats (fines and jail) to sly dog deals with the ESB, who have been ruthlessly removing the stations' electricity supplies.
Most pirates set up their transmitters on farmland in the Dublin mountains - some place called Alien Hill being a particular favourite.
With this in mind, the ODTR have also targeted the farmers who rent out the land, telling them that aiding and abetting known criminals can only result in their downfall.
The whole thing is a desperate charade, though.
A recent Sunday Tribune article quoted a station manager who had been told by the ODTR that they knew full well his station would be back on the air in a matter of weeks.
As long as the said pirate didn't 'do anything silly' they would be pushed back to the bottom of the target list. So it seems that - despite our headline - pirates aren't really all that fucked. They are just being forced to lick corporate boots for a while and will return soon.



Magnum yesterday expressed his concern that diversity in the Irish media could suffer

The dirty government are busy shutting down pirate radio stations so that their license-holding mates can keep all the cash.

FAT SHIT CORNER

A new column we'd like to dedicate to some very special shits

EVER SINCE fat yank bozo, Huey and all the other Fun Lovin' Criminals decided to bring their elevator-friendly brand of Rock and Roll to Dublin, they've been causing quite a stir. Miller's favourite bitches have been busy pretending they're in Miami and not somewhere where it rains all the time and most of the people look like they have a disease. Predictably, our shit-for-brain celebrities have been dying to touch the hem of their international celebrity. The current issue of WHO, Mike Hogan's glossy shit-rag, features exclusive pictures of Huey's classy birthday party at Eamon Doran's in Temple Bar. Third rate local celebs like Amanda Brunker rub shoulders with the husseys from Angel's lap-dancing bar.

In the worst possible taste - it's disgusting

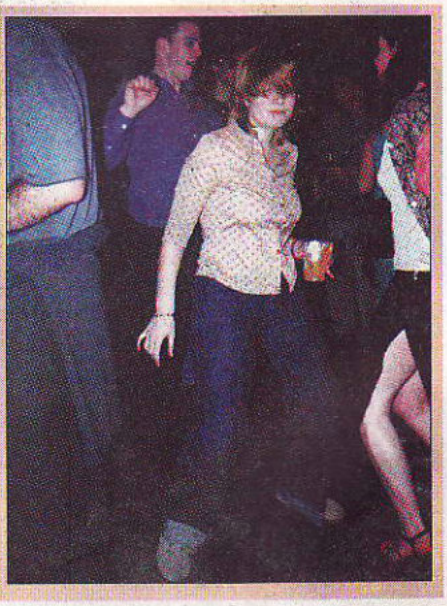
CHECK OUT the nation's most offensive website 'www.geocities.com/sinsin_collective' It's all run by a shadowy character called the 'Fat Controller' and is an outrage against decency. It includes a game in which you help Phil Lynott shoot up and another is promised called 'Helping Jonathan down the stairs' dedicated to the late Mr. Philbin Bowman.

Offensive website should be shut down by the government

Outraged: Phil Lynott

CAPTION COMPETITION

FOLLOWING THE enormous success of our last caption competition, we have decided to run another! This time we'll try to bother having a look at your entries. We might even try to assess whether they are funny or not. We will publish the winning entry and award two tickets to any lapdancing show you desire. Entries to info@theslate.ie.

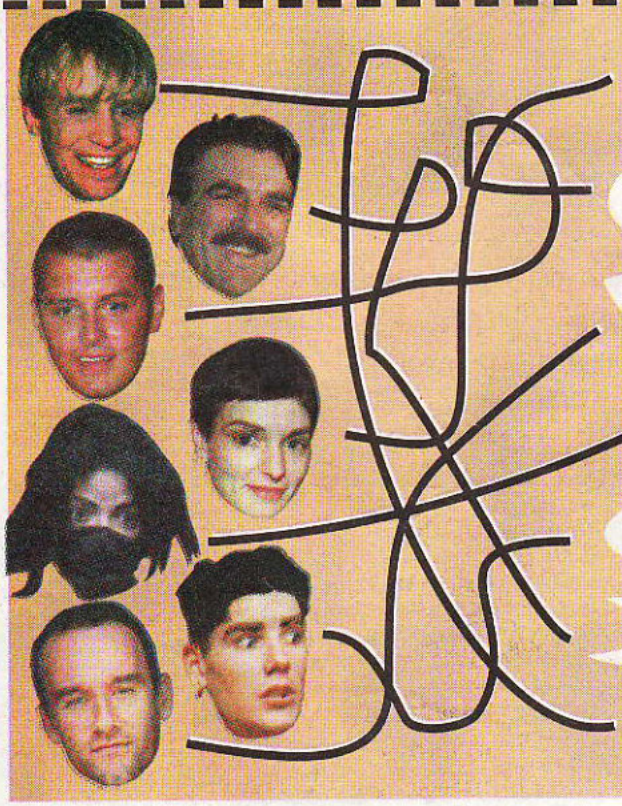


Fun Time!

Which prat's doing that?

You've been reading Hello! and OK! all year. You have VIP and The Dubliner on order at Eason's. You've even managed the odd flick through WHO. Now it's time to put all those hours to use and test your knowledge in our all new match the celeb with the activity game.

Can you figure out who's doing what?



- Settling down to a life of 'baking, cooking and being sexually available'
- Riding Michael O'Leary in Ryanair's next advertising campaign
- Enjoying his few minutes of fame before becoming a hairdresser again
- Trying to send children penis-shaped soundwaves over the internet.
- Performing at weddings dressed up as MC Hammer.
- Getting paid £5 an hour to make Magnum ice cream ads in Stephen's Green
- Trying to find his lost testicle

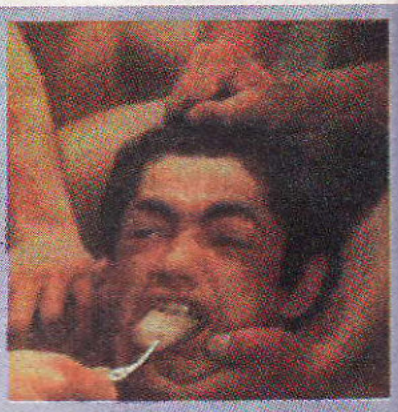
Students to get Porno-Packs

50,000 'sexual awareness packs will be distributed around the various universities during Fresher's week courtesy of the Union of Students in Ireland (USI). But this is not just a case of a leaflet, condom and a meaningful look. No, this is Ireland's first multi-gender, multi-preferential sexual awareness pack. It contains a condom, a rubber glove and a sachet of lubricant. It also contains an amusingly frank 'how to' leaflet which climaxes with the description of the 'dental dam': 'use it during oral sex on a woman and oral-anal stimulation. A dental dam is basically a square of latex and can be made by snipping the

The USI wants you to felch, bugger and rim your way through university

end of a condom and cutting it up one side (don't use pre-lubricated spermicide coated condoms for this.) Can also be bought ready made. Apply a little lube to the vagina/anus. With ready made dam, apply tongue to non talcum coated side. Do not use more than once and never turn over to re-use'.

If freshers are not confused by this they'll probably decide that life as a petrol pump attendant is less threatening than the campuses where their anuses are likely to be invaded at any moment.



Freshers, get your anuses ready

More Fun!

THE ADVENTURES OF THOMPSON AND VENABLES

The ancient art of mutilating kittens . . . .www.bonzaikitten.com

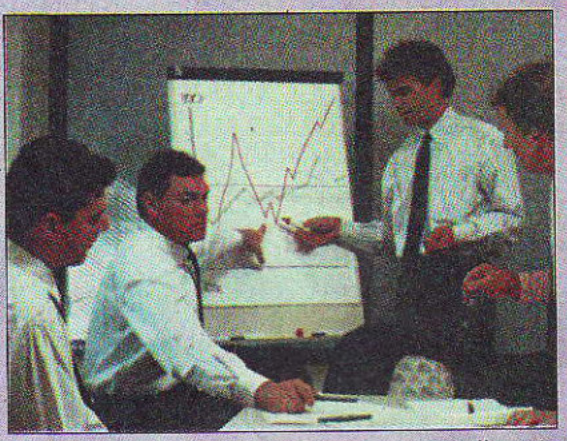
Bonsai kitten begins by asserting that - unlike a bonsai tree: "You can't trim a kitten!" You can, however, stuff it into an oddly-shaped jar while its bones are still soft and pliable, drill holes for air, food, water and kitty-waste, and leave it there for six months. "Dedicated to preserving the long lost art of body modification in housepets, you no longer need be satisfied with a housepet having the same mundane shape as all other members of its species." The site has plenty of pictures of little cats stuffed into glass jars, plaintive eyes staring in mute agony. You can order a wide range of differently shaped kittens, including pyramids, pretzels, and "The Sphere: surprisingly challenging, requires use of deep tissue inflation techniques to prevent coiling". The one where you get your kitten moulded into a dog shape is a nice touch.

ADVERTISEMENT

Want a job? You'll need a reference ...

YOU'RE A while out of College now and annoying people have started asking why you haven't got a job. But your forrays into the 'real world' are thwarted when every knob-end bank or consultancy firm you apply for start asking intrusive questions about your employment history. Worst of all, they want references, and you have to choose between the Pizza Hut boss you accused of sexually assaulting your pregnant sister, and the woman who used to be your boss at the zoo. She told you never to come back after you asked was she related to any of the monkeys, so things are looking bleak enough.

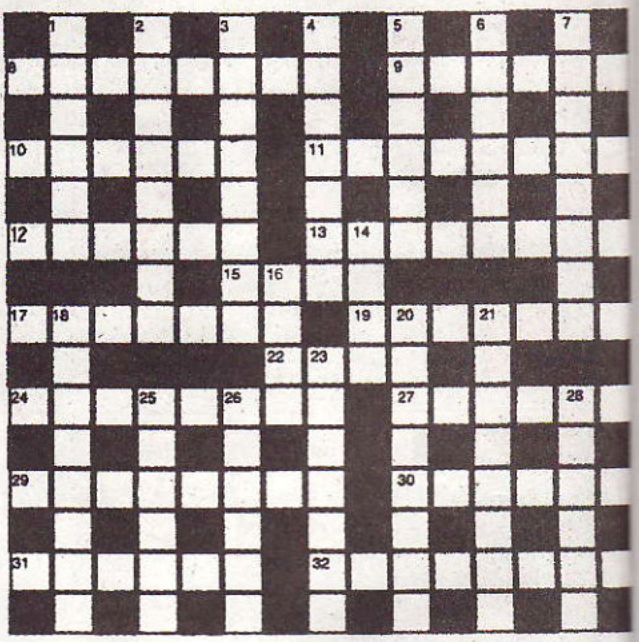
But never fear! The Slate, for a reasonable fee, will happily send out fictional references to any employer you want a job from. We have a sliding scale of prices, so YOU choose your job, and YOU decide how good you were at it. Meanwhile WE lodge your cheque in the bank and start going on fabulous holidays all over the world. Hooray!



As this graph shows, gentlemen, we are all cunts

RACIST CROSSWORD!

It's The Slate's all new themed crossword series - and the first one's on racism. Anyone who can complete the grid wins a job with Dublin Bus.



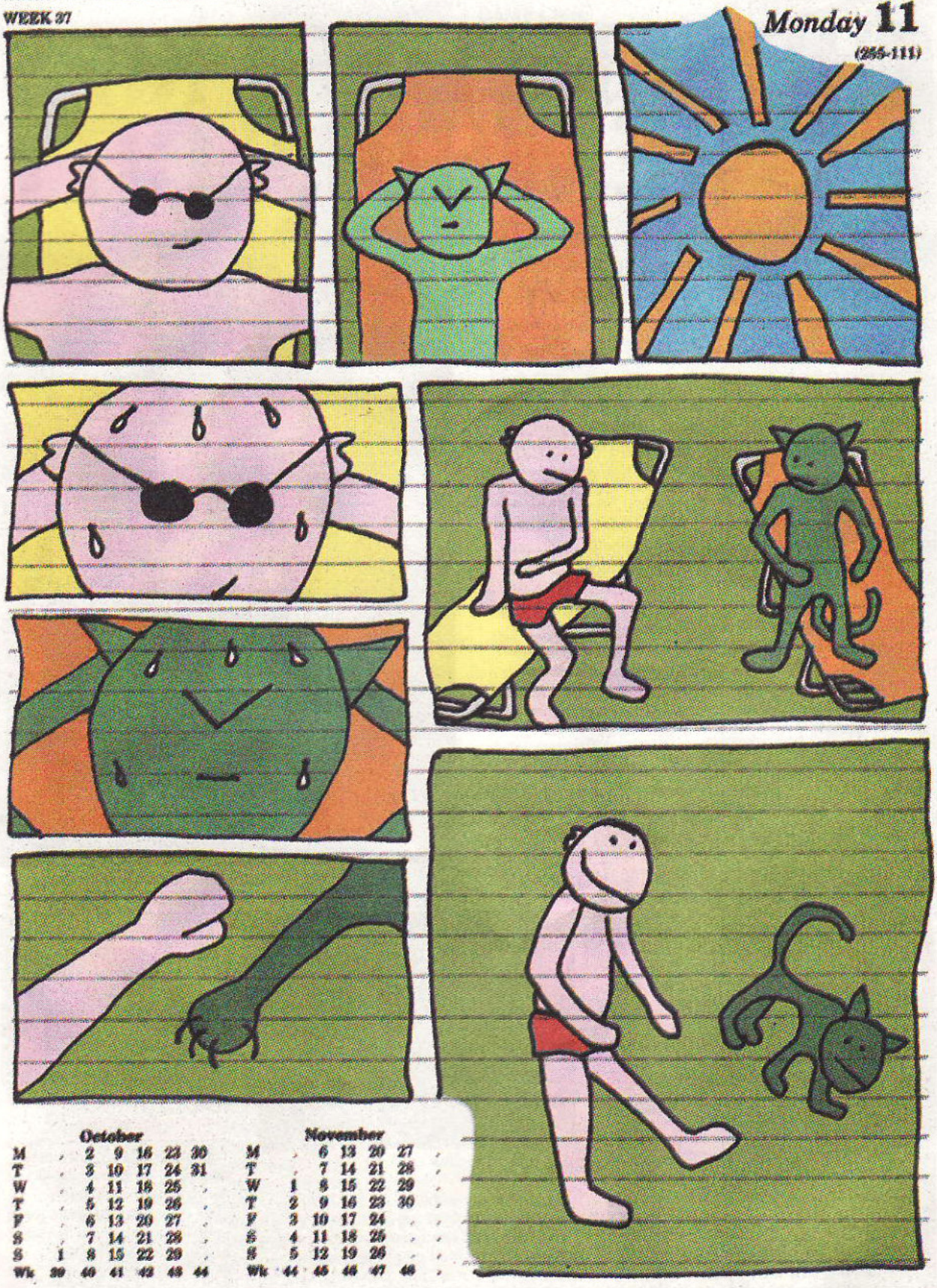
Across

8) Don't chew the fat with this native, or he'll end up munching yours. (8)
9) They grow on trees, and jungle-dwellers use them to wipe their arses. (6)
10) Where black people live before going to prison. (6)
11) Obvious, like the differences between us and them. (8)
12) Home of horse chewers and frog guzzlers. (6)
13) Dave Lobs round rocks at the Romanians - but we'll forgive him his sins. (8)
15) ____ Bell : American fast food joint where Mexicans feed their huge families. (4)
17) The blacks' noses are like this - to deceive maybe? (7)
19) A scrap - like those silly arabs and jews squabbling over some mixed up Dust Pie in the desert. (7)
22) Irish society needs two of these to make sure that the Auslanders are kept in their rightful place. (4)
24) Out of control expression of emotion - favoured by temperamental Johnny Foreigners. (8)
27) Recover, or bring something back from a bad situation - not an option for post-immigration Ireland. (6)
29) Whites excel in mental attributes, blacks in _____. (8)
30) Small, homemade vehicle - used by ghetto kids while they are training for a career of drive-by shootings. (2-4)
31) Spring back in disgust, as with a foreign beggar. (8)
32) Food trade which is gradually being filled with newly arrived carpetbaggers. (8)

Down

1) Yo Daddy, is a favoured phrase, but a black chap rarely knows his. (6)
2) Us Europeans trust our intellect, but them foreigners are controlled by their _____. (8)
3) Those dumb yanks are turning into an Obese Lot - that's why they're no use any more. (8)
4) Alan Mac turned round and told me these darkies still use some calendar that's based on the moon. (7)
5) We're sliding down slippery ones - into the valley of sootiness. (6)
6) The foreigners and refugees have the hardworking Irish man over one of these containers. (6)
7) Think about 8 across and you'll understand how black men see our skinny women. (4-4).
14) The omens Do Be looking bad for our mongrel future. (4)
16) White man's gifts to the shadowed world. Rats! Why did we give them anything? (4)
18) The green hills and lush valleys of Ireland pealed with this until Johnny Foreigner came to visit. (8)
20) Farming technique invented by Europeans. Helps Charlie Chinaman make paddy field so wet! (8)
21) Send back your Crude Pie and ask the little oriental woman for a toe-job instead. (8)
23) Change the text for emphasis, and the letters end up as slanted as a Chinaman's peepers. (7)
25) Prince of the church, but some are golliwogs nowadays. (6)
26) Remember - that's all we'll be able to do when virginal Ireland is violated by the invading hordes. (6)
28) A piece of an African women's jewellery that may be bigger than her entire villlage. (6)

kick the cat



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W	.	4	11	18	25	.		W	1	8	15	22	29	.
T	.	5	12	19	26	.		T	2	9	16	23	30	.
F	.	6	13	20	27	.		F	3	10	17	24	.	.
S	.	7	14	21	28	.		S	4	11	18	25	.	.
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Kick the Cat is used courtesy of Irish comic Toenail Clippings, which is available in Forbiden Planet, Sub City, Tower Records, and other outlets

gavin beattie

THE SMELLIEST KIPS IN THE WHOLE CITY

With the population boom, tourist overload and high summer temperatures it's no wonder recently arrived asylum seekers speak with ardour of the streets of Kinshasa or Bucharest

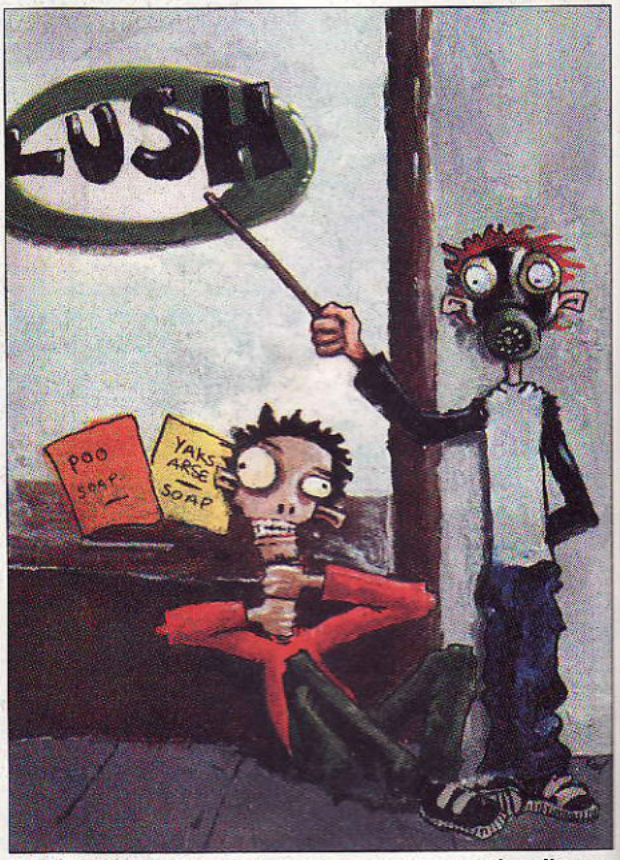
WITH OUR SMELLS CORRESPONDENT
FUNKY O'FUCK

ANYONE WHO has ever visited the Viking Adventure will be well aware that Dublin has been plagued by foul smells since the city was founded over 400 years ago. Horseshit, rotting hay and the hum off whatever out of work actor is showing you around make one thing clear: our Norse forefathers lived in an environment about as pleasant as Kiely's of Donnybrook on a typical Friday night.

And nothing has changed. Step onto Baggot St. and you'll be bowled over by the stale smell of rancid fuckers in suits. Because they are in such a rush to get their work done, these people have no time for washing, and tend to reek of dried vomit, Tesco microwave meals and old cigarette smoke.

Harcourt St. is another stink-fest. Pigs at one end and the stench of sexual desperation seeping out under night club doors at the other. Then there are more obvious locations like Trinity and the other colleges, where students spend their afternoons talking so much shit that a halitosis epidemic has broken out.

Now in a groundbreaking Slate study we have searched out the city's most pungent stink-holes, just so you can avoid them or maybe congregate there or whatever.



Another Trinity student chooses death over cleanliness

IRISH ROCK STARS STINK OF PURE SHIT

IN MOST countries when rock stars get insanely rich they spend their time banging fifteen year olds, driving cars into trees and firing their twelve butlers for leaving the cream in the wrong fridge. Grand. In Ireland too, the likes of Bono and Bob Geldof do not hesitate to stuff their every orifice with fat wads of cash. However, they also take on messianic delusions, adopt a random cause that made them cry when they were on acid and then run around the place telling world leaders that Bambi will die if a deer sanctuary is not built in Drimnagh. They remain convinced that they are 'men of the people' despite the fact that they wear powdered wigs to the pub and have a specially trained hairless boy to take their dicks out when they pee. They lose all grasp of the principles of irony and talk so much shit that the stench could gas a generation of Jews. The smell has been particularly foul of late, with the two horseshitters above travelling the world trying to persuade bored prime ministers that everyone in Africa is about to die and they have the answer.

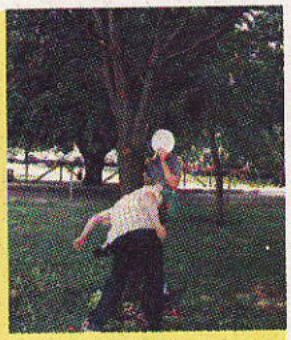
A shit and a dick

ILAC CENTRE GENERAL MING

This place isn't so much dirty as a pit of ming, minging like no ming has mung before. Light itself has long since given up trying to illuminate its halls and is now a sort of greasy flicker that sticks to your clothes and makes you feel dull and squalid. The reason for the grime is unidentifiable. The place is a shopping X-file.

The Ming

TCD'S SPERM TREE
SPUNK SMELL



Cum on the Cum Tree

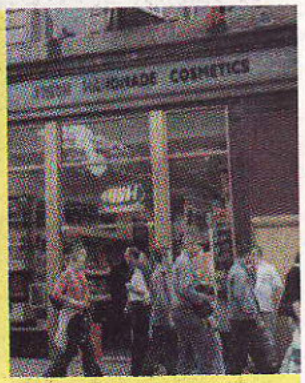
TRINITY COLLEGE'S celebrated Sperm Tree's pungent powers are said to have been uncovered as unsuspecting students played Frisbee. One student lingering in the vicinity told us: "It is just a tree that smells of spunk. It's fucking rank actually. Smell it and see." You'll find the Sperm Tree located at the end of the path between the Rugby and Cricket pitches. It's the second last tree on the right. These days it's sometimes referred to as the "Cum Tree" and is frequented by it's fair share of Dublin's perverts. However, the sweet aroma is only evident in early summer when the tree "blossoms".

ORIENTAL EMPORIUM
POO SMELL

Christian Babies beware

A DARK and frightening place, this smells exactly like the bird enclosure at Dublin Zoo, only less happy. A weird green moss climbs the pale, chlorined walls, while mystery-boxes exude thick, invisible fumes. Some seem to be full of nappies, others might contain Christian babies. In a nice touch, the fragrance of urine wafts up from a grille set into the George's St. footpath.

LUSH COSMETICS
TRENDY TOILETRIES



For dirty yuppies

WALKING PAST Lush at the bottom of Grafton St., you are immediately struck by two things: what appears to be the largest bar of hash ever exported from Amsterdam in the window, and the incredible whiff of an overload of beauty products. On closer inspection the "hash" turns out to be a block of brown soap but there's no getting away from the smell of this shop. Lush is the kind of establishment that describes itself as "fun" and "kooky". Indeed, their irritatingly jaunty in-store magazine contains quotes from such characters as Annie who likes "walking, pool and pottery" and Olivia who "says she picked her university because it had a Lush shop nearby". You have to wonder about the shop's viability seeing as most of the Trinity students across the road manage to make it through college without letting water touch their skin. Products include such must-haves as Seaweed Sushi soap and Creamed Almond & Coconut Smoothie Shower Soap.

Sushi soap

DAME LANE
BURNING LATEX

The exotic Dame Lane

An intoxicating mix of various smells, this is perhaps the city's most fragrant spot. Walk around with your nose in the air and see if you can make out the pong of burning latex, or the airy remnants of rotting food from the various Dame Street cafes and bistros, or the aftershave from lawyers hotfooting it from Dublin Castle. Less tangible still are fumes from year-round inhabitancy by what must by the most unfortunate homeless folk in the city

YOUR THICK SUGGESTIONS

We sent an email* around to a load of people asking what the smelliest place in Dublin was. Here's what they sent back.

She 'smells of sewer'

Several were highly racist including 'Half-canine, feral children from Romania.'

Some missed the geographical mark entirely and made the point that culchies stink. One even wrote an article on 'Louth: the Cunty County'

Various shops came in for abuse including BT2 'Little girly men in China get paid 3p a week to poo for hours so you can have a shirt with rips in it.'

A variety of piss places and puke paths were pointed out as well as the Molly Malone statue which 'smells of sewer' and, tastefully, 'that lane where that guy died.'

* If you want to contribute your own stupid suggestions to things like this in future, email us at editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

HOW TO RELIEVE THE MING

Time to hit the river again

Instead of paying taxes, why not get everyone who works in the IFSC to spend their lunch hour pouring mineral water into the Liffey. As well as purifying the river (the source of all Dublin's worst smells) and flooding the dirtier parts of Dublin, the clever scheme would undoubtedly be an attractive proposition for multinational companies. It could conceivably save our economy from disappearing over the Cliffs of Moher during the next few months. Dublin would also be blessed with yet another tourist attraction - the world's only gently carbonated river.

Blacky music is taking over

As Dublin gets darker by the day, a new sound is spreading across the city like the proverbial clap in a rugby changing room.

It's rnb, a mix of hip hop and soul that involves lots of groin to ass action and plenty of money being waved around.
The fact that it took Dublin at least five years longer to get wit it than any other capital city of note is all the more reason to get jiggy seven nights a week. The Slate gives you the 411 on this phenomenon and shows you how to be down with all those well-dressed black people...

....As demonstrated on the chart below, there is now an rnb club in Dublin for almost every night of the week. This frisky new sound has established the biggest black music presence in the capital since the 60s, invading the inner city faster than a bunch of Shinners with customised hurleys.
In 1991 when there were no black people in Ireland things were a lot different.

Everyone went around with mammoth headphones clamped to their ears gurning to the latest mixtapes from crazy rave clubs like Sides or the Olympic Ballroom.
If you went out to a nightclub, you either got mad out of it on dangerous yokes, or spent the whole evening waiting for some member of the opposite sex to get drunk enough for a conversation to start up.
Only a maniac would have suggested back then that ten years later dancefloors would be filled with their younger brothers and sisters - all rubbing up against one another, 'freakin' to what was then the most universally derided sound in town, soul.
In the dark days of the early 90s, Dublin music tastes had about as much black shit going on as Jackie Healy Rae addressing one of his Klan meetings down in Kerry...**continued overleaf**

THE WEEK IN RNB

MONDAY
SMOOVE, THE KITCHEN

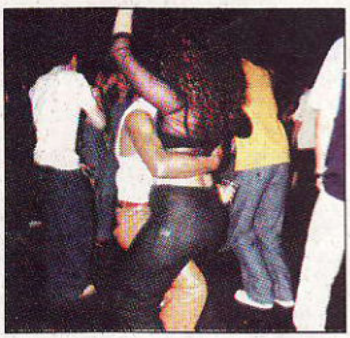
Pure Silk shines far more on her Friday night Jazz FM show than she does behind a set of decks here, but she certainly knows good tunes from bad and gives us far more of the former. The atmosphere is very hardcore and blank, though, with way too many men on the prowl. **Rating 3/5**

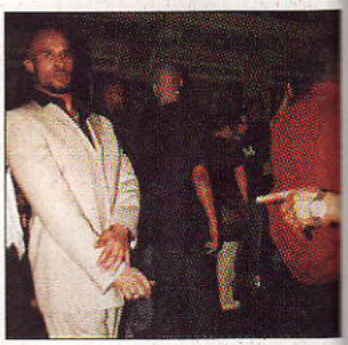
WEDNESDAY
HEAT, EAMON DORAN'S

Eddy grinds out the hits and more at this cheap and cheerful night. The mixing may be too casual for Dublin ears, and a posse of gimps onstage with mics stop the flow every two records to loudly insist that everyone has A MUCH BETTER TIME. **Rating 3/5**

RnB in Dublin

....The 70s and 80s had been absolutely shit,"and everyone came out of them listening to white as fuck music like U2 and Thin Lizzy the whole time.
Even when house music established itself in the early 90's, Dubliners plumped en masse for the most robotic, cleanest, flava-less varieties - progressive and trance.
But it has now emerged that today's 18-25 year olds grew up on a different kind of pop music, full of hip-hop, rap and soul influences, and were ready for the real thing by the time they were going out to clubs.
Their demand for a new kind of club night, coupled with the peaking of house and dance music of all kinds and the hard work of a handful of DJ believers have all helped to bring about the current boom.
Add to that the influx of African immigrants, the world domination of rnb as the new pop music, and Dublin promoters' keen nose for a few quid and you have a genre that has grown faster than any other in the last year or so.
Unfortunately, even after spending their teen years bumping and grinding round the bedroom to Destiny's Child and D'Angelo, young Irish people still had a lot to learn about dancefloor moves.
Not to worry, though. For the ladies at least, there are scores of black men in every rnb club who are only too happy to lend a hand.
Once they get the hang of the simulated doggy-style, the Irish ladies seem gamey enough, and by about midnight the dancefloor usually starts to look like an uncut Dre video that's been crashed by a load of unhealthy white women.
All this talk of sexual activity on the dancefloor may have the typical Dublin clubber slightly at sea, and the new jigginess around town has definitely provoked some bemusement on the established DJ scene.
Rnb is generally looked down on by snooty dance music types around Dublin. It has no trendy sub-genres to speak of - you'll hear the same big tunes wherever you go.
Also, like ragga and dancehall over in Jamaica, the rnb DJs (in Dublin anyway) don't seem to care too much about mixing or any other Fancy Dan turntable techniques.
The more technically proficient DJs (usually from a hip-hop background) may sound better to ears programmed to appreciate mixing, but the typical Dublin rnb crowd doesn't give a monkey's arse.
This causes horror in the ranks of trendy Dublin types who have been reared on house, techno or drum'n'bass, and as a result they refuse to take the scene seriously. Luckily, a few disapproving looks from the rest of Dublin is unlikely to stop rnb taking over the world.





JIGGY CITY: Some rnb people in typically show off humour

THE WEEK IN RNB

THURSDAY
VIBE, THE POD

Rammed mid-week night with a friendly atmosphere. The selling point is Frank Jez's effortless floor control, though you can tell he'd like to make more inroads into hip-hop and UK Garage than the jiggy crowd will let him. Arrive around one to avoid amateur support DJ's with itchy fingers. **Rating 4/5**

FRIDAY
RHYTHM CORPORATION, TEMPLE THEATRE

When all's said and done, this one has the edge over all the others. Best venue, best sound system, best guests and best vibe. Karlos may not yet have the seasoning of say, a Stevie G as a support DJ, but he sure knows his crew and can handle a mic. Only complaint is the totalitarian security who searched and slung out a member of our group for "drug dealing" - the poor bloke doesn't even drink! **Rating 5/5** (except for the fucking monkeys at the door)

RnB ERAS - DUBLIN AND THE WORLD

NEW JACK SWING
1988-1992

Teddy Riley captures the Harlem New Jack vibe with his band Guy's eponymous debut album in 1988, also opening the way for lime coloured open shirts and shameless cavalier 'taches. Mary J Blige cut through the facial hair in '92 with "What's The 411?" an album which crystalised the hip-hop soul sound for most of the '90's. In the meantime, Dublin clubs begrudgingly throw us a few gammy Luther Vandross tracks during slow-set orgies.

SWING BEAT
1993-1996

For many, a golden time when even arseholes like Puff Daddy and R.Kelly were actually responsible for some great records. This was also the era in which modern rnb first showed the signs of being the pop music of the future with East 17, Eternal and Mark Morrison all adopting the template to their grim ends. Strictly Fish bring Soul 2 Soul's Jazzy B to Dublin and early versions of clubs like Mau Mau and Rhythm Corporation start popping up in crap venues like The Blue Note Café.

THE TIMBALAND ERA
1997-NOW

World domination. Missy Elliot and Timbaland's Supa Dupa Fly in '97 rewrites the rule book and brings rnb closer to hip hop, giving the producer leeway to crack it big with Destiny's Child. Dinosaur balladeers like Whitney, Janet and Mariah trip over themselves to appear "urban" and Dublin finally gets on the case. By 1998 clubs like 2 Damn Funky in RiRa and radio shows like Aoife Nic Canna's Urban Soul Show on Jazz FM have set the rnb juggernaut in motion.

The City Playaz . . .

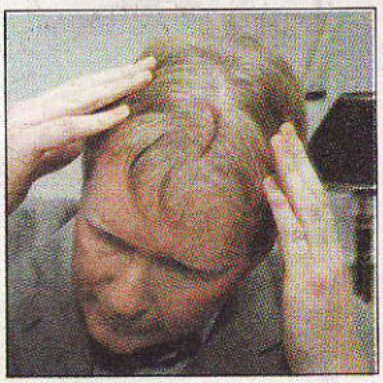
WE ASK THREE OF DUBLIN'S LONGEST-STANDING RnB DJS - TONY DIXON (FM104), KARLOS (RHYTHM CORPORATION) AND AOIFE NIC CANNA (BASSMONKEY, POWER FM) - WHAT'S WHAT.

WHY HAS IT TAKEN DUBLIN SO LONG TO COP ON TO RNB?

Tony D: Rnb/soul/disco has always been here. I've been playing on radio since 1976. All my gigs have been rnb/disco/soul orientated with a big following. Rnb is now more mainstream with bigger media support both in Radio and press.
Karlos: The funny thing about this, is I believe that Dublin has always been clued in to rnb - perhaps without realising it. I mean, I'm sure if I visited all the homes in Dublin I'd find some RnB records in it, whether they were Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson or modern rnb like Destiny's Child. The problem hasn't been that Dublin wasn't into rnb. It's that Dublin promoters weren't
Aoife Nic Canna: It took ages but not all of Dublin. When I did my radio show on Jazz FM I had lots of listeners that loved rnb but they were too young to go to clubs. They're all grown up now.

SO, IS RNB IN DUBLIN ONLY FOR YUPPIE PONCES AND KNACKERS?

Tony D: I find two types of people. Hip Hop brings The Hard Core Lads, But the nicer punter is attracted by a commercial set with an old skool mix.
Karlos: That's another tough question cause I fall into both categories! As I hail from The Bronx (aka Kilbarrack on Dublin's Northside), I got the knacker vibe down to a T and then I go and ruin my rep by sipping champagne and playing the Smirnoff Fashion Awards after party for the yuppie ponces! You would be hard pushed to find any yuppie ponces or knackers (as you so eloquently put it) at any rnb gigs and if you do find em at one, it's been at a club night run by cowboy promoters.
Aoife: Yuppie ponces, knackers and more...who cares??



TONY D: This is where they took out my brain so I could play on FM104

Nic Canna: harder than Tony D

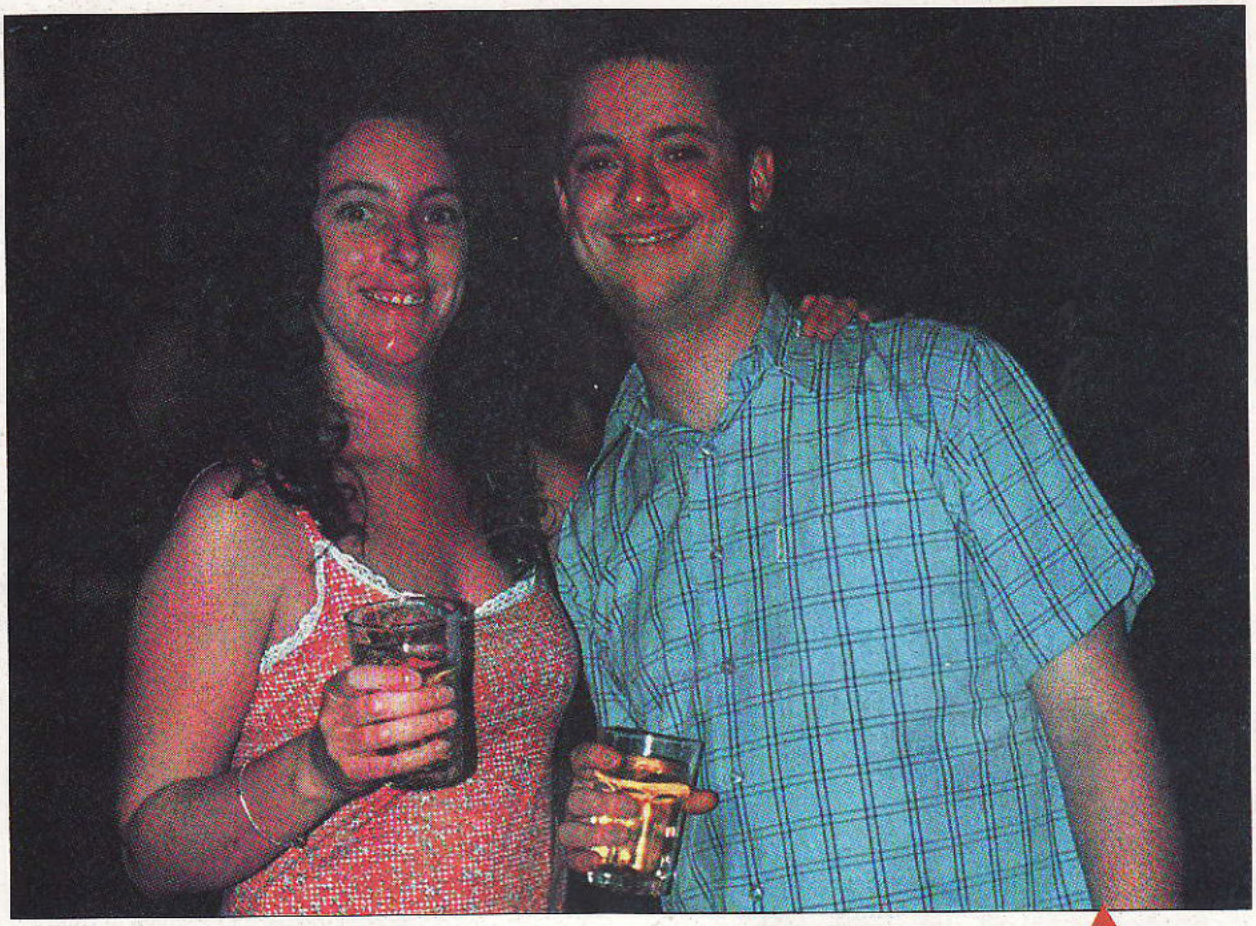
THE WEEK IN RNB

SATURDAY
SUGAR, SHOOTERS

Long-time Dublin rnb promoter Lenny is the man behind this night, and he brings his Vibe crew (including the excellent Frank Jez) up from the Pod to lay on a fine night's hip swinging. This place used to be a sports bar, and may well still be, but don't get discouraged by that. **Rating 4/5**

SUNDAY
FRESH N FUNKY, COYOTE LOUNGE

Cork lad Stevie G is one Irish DJ who really understands how to put rnb together, seamlessly blending old swingbeat with up-to-the-minute hits and slowly building the dancefloor into a frenzy. He's joined by FM104's Tony Dixon and some good quality UK guests. **Rating 4/5**



Out & about

FULL LISTINGS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Events of the Month

DECAL ... 20
A welcome live appearance from Dennis and Alan - the two beardos in this Dublin-based electronica duo.

SPIRITUALIZED ... 37
Having sacked the rest of the group, Jason Pierce comes to town with a fucking massive 13 piece band.

THE LONESOME WEST ... 43
More Irish bog stories from Londoner Martin McDonagh. A decent play with plenty of violence and sordid chaos to keep you laughing through the action.

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE ... 44
John Hurt returns to the role of Krapp, an arid old bastard who's wound up in the middle of chin-stroking modernist classic.

CLUBBING ... 20
Repetitive music, crowded hot joints, people on drugs - not much fun

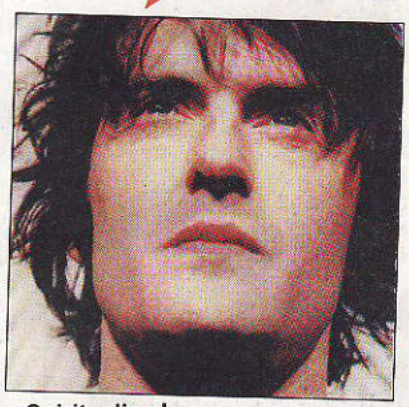
LIVE MUSIC ... 35
Chances are the CD is better and it probably costs less too

CINEMA ... 40
Wait for the video. It's disappointing and all the best bits are in the trailer

THEATRE ... 43
The Fringe is in town - more ponces than you could shake a lesbian at

COMEDY ... 46
Everyone's in Edinburgh trying to escape their tawdry little lives and get on TV

Krapp's Last Tape



Spiritualized

ATTENTION PROMOTERS

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SISTER BLISS
SATURDAY 1 SEP
RED BOX **£11.50**

Ever since Bliss informed her would-be Faithless partner Rollo ten years ago that his beloved 'Don't You Want Me?' (with Felix) was "shit", the two of them have been responsible for more dancefloor destruction than you can frisbee a 12" at. As the DJing partner, her gigs are a sounding board for the Faithless machine and many will be familiar with their recent 'We Come 1' and Bliss' own 'Sister Sister' - versions of which have been in appearing in her sets for nearly two years! Expect a professional, enjoyable few hours of epic house, Faithless-style - timely considering the band themselves, with their new single, 'Muhammad Ali' have unhappily turned into The Brand New Heavies...

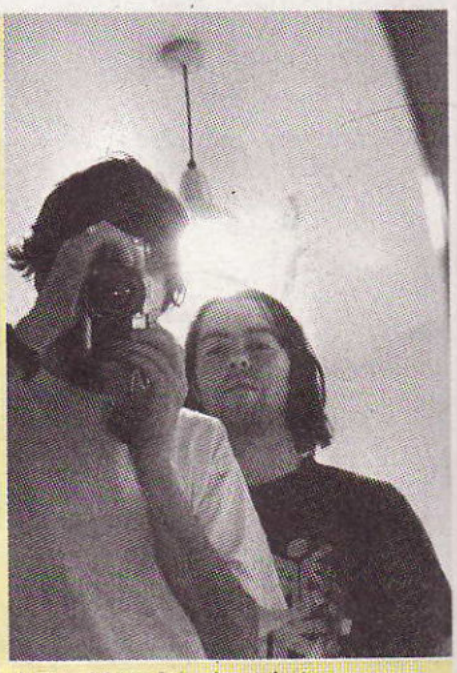
THE PSYCHONAUTS
FRIDAY 1 SEP
HQ **£8.50**

The Psychonauts are still Mo'Wax's resident turntable twosome, throwing together the labels 1998 retrospective, 'Time Machine' in typically irreverent fashion and knocking out the odd downtempo remix for the likes of Paul Weller, Saint Etienne and labelmate Money Mark. It's a brave booking by Soul Clinic in the first place. By their own admission, there have been gigs where they've been slung off the decks by horrified promoters as they happily cleared the dancefloor with all manner of shite. Playing for Influx at The Kitchen four years ago, they came on to a packed dancefloor cranked to the max by Johnny Moy, and drove it into the ground in less than half an hour - blighters!

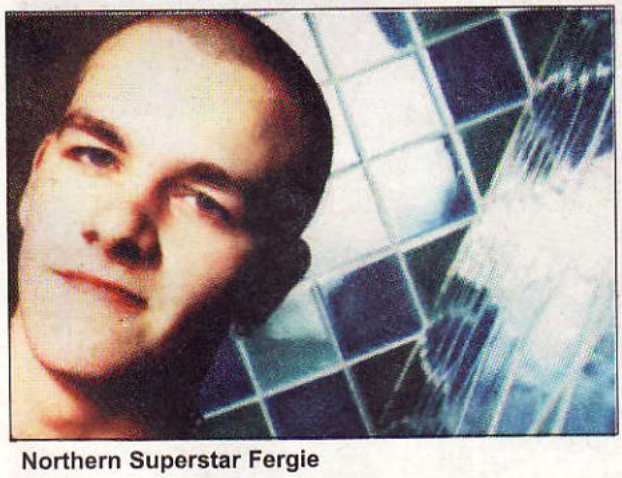
LACED EVIL - WORK IT OUT

DECAL LIVE (2 SETS) & SPECIAL GUESTS
SATURDAY 1 SEP **£9**
TEMPLE BAR MUSIC CENTRE

It's easy to take Decal's Alan and Dennis for granted these days and forget how much they've achieved down the years. When their debut 'Ultramack 004' came out in late '94, the concept of an independent Irish electronic release was still a complete novelty. Worse still, the media found it hard enough coming to terms with "dance" acts like Sound Crowd - so they had no clue what to do with DeCal, a project which, then as now, had one foot in abstract electronica and the other in post-industrial racket. Thankfully the boys had no intention of entertaining the slippery Next Big Thing shtick and instead (with Paul Timmony) went on to make Ultra Mack (now U:Mack) one of the most enduring sources of leftfield entertainment in Dublin, while forging their own electro imprint, Trama Industries.
A long-running friendship with Andrew Weatherall has seen the two camps trade productions, and guaranteed a steady stream of DJ appearances from the Swordsman. In recent times though, his influence may have seen DeCal forsake one of their major original strengths - melody - to concentrate on skeletal Detroit electro. Then there's the beards. Whip 'em off lads,or you're not getting another photo feature...



Just a hint of the beards to come



Northern Superstar Fergie

STARLIGHT CREW
FRIDAY 7 SEP
TEMPLE THEATRE **£8/7**

Two months after their last Temple Theatre appearance, this singing and dancing rnb/reggae/UK Garage collective are back in town. Named after London's legendary rnb club - The Starlight in Paddington - the Crew have been together for ten years. They now run a weekly night in a small central London club called Cork's, where main man Smiley P doubles up as a DJ and MC to keep the flava flowin'. He's joined by a couple of French scratch DJs plus Emanuel, a singer and MC who is 'smooth and true, just for you'. The Crew also come complete with the the '6 pack dancers' - a well-fit gang of lads who throw some shapes for the ladies down at the front of the show. Classy or what?

FERGIE
SATURDAY 8 SEP
RED BOX **£17**

Things are moving fast for young Ferguson. At 21, he's the darling of the UK dance press and has just been snatched up by no less than BBC Radio 1, who've got him doing a regular Essential Mix as well as something called 'Fergie TV' on Radio 1 Online. As well as the summer festivals, Fergie also played the main float at this year's Love Parade, is holding down a string of residencies and playing in the faraway likes of Israel and South Africa. All of which makes him, without shouting about it, the most successful Irish DJ ever. Take this opportunity to see him spin his trademark trancy hard house in the Red Box before he gets any bigger, or he could be looking for £50 off you next time..

Once off Clubbing clubbing@theslate.ie

JUDGE JULES
SATURDAY 8 SEP
TEMPLE THEATRE £13.50

That's right, him again. And round here at Slate Central we've got a bit of a problem this month. We're running out of even vaguely clever ways to say how bollocky he is...We've had a go at his 'DJing', his missus, his uniquely slappable mug, his specs, his prices, his shirts, his utter cheek. There's very little left and the fact that he's hawking his dreary old act over here every second week keeps the pressure pretty high each month. So this month we're not going to bother, OK? You know the score and if you still want to part with most of your weeks wages to line his flash pockets, be our guest. Just don't say we didn't warn you.

KERRI CHANDLER
SATURDAY 15 SEP
MONO £TBC

Kerry Chandler's first appearance in Dublin for six years went down a storm in the HQ a few months back, and his subsequent appearance at Sweat in Sir Henry's was apparently one of the best shows the culchie club has ever witnessed - so if you like house, don't miss this. Chandler was one of the more prominent figures in the early US garage scene, and by the mid 90s had enough remix and production credits to sit back and enjoy the reputation without putting in any more graft. However, he continues to tour, and it is on the turntables that his true skills really shine - you will find few DJs who can work a crowd the way Chandler will..

MARIO PIU
SATURDAY 15 SEP
TEMPLE THEATRE £13.50

Poor bloke. When the grim reaper comes marching for his neck one day, chances are, Mario will be chanting "Somebody answer the phone, phone, phone.." This thirty-something DJ and producer from Livorno, Italy had been slaving away for the best part of ten years, developing the hard technotrance sound that's become his trademark and the dominant sound on the Italian clubscene. Then in 1999 he went and did 'Communication' - a highly original track locking the GSM interference tone into its fierce body rhythm. A crap remix from Yomanda went top five and Mario is now officially a novelty DJ.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN FINDING NEW WAYS TO INSULT THE GENTLEMAN ON THE RIGHT, PLEASE GET IN TOUCH NOW
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That speccy genius, Judge Jules

DAMN YOU DAMMERS

JERRY DAMMERS & THE SOUL JAZZ DJS
FRIDAY 6 JULY £12.50
TEMPLE BAR MUSIC CENTRE

This is the 2-Tone guv'nor's second appearance here under the 100% Dynamite banner. The first was in March and the Dynamite show has been back in town twice since then - proving that Dubliners are gaining a serious appetite for early ska, rock-steady and soul/r'n'b influenced Jamacian reggae. The compilation series of the same name is into its fourth volume and although any gimp with a few copies of the albums could knock out a similar set as the one you'll hear tonight, there's an undeniable appeal in actually seeing an icon like Jerry Dammers in action. In forming The Specials, Dammers damn near invented both Brit-pop AND Trip-hop via the band's lovechildren Blur and Massive Attack. And with the 2-Tone label and concept, he set the multiracial musical parameters for rave, hardcore, jungle and UK garage. Not bad for an oul' fella with no teeth.

The godfather of everything

Once off Clubbing

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DAVE CLARKE

SATURDAY 15 SEP
RED BOX **£TBC**

Having rocked Creamfields in June, techno warhorse Dave Clarke is back for another round in Dublin this month. DJing and remixing since the late 80's, Clarke (often referred to as the the world's grumpiest DJ) is one of the most sought after techno producers around today with credits like Moby, Underworld and Leftfield to his name. Currently plugging his double album 'World Service' (released this year on React) Clarke is also riding high on the success of his radio show 'Technology'. His live set at the Red Box should be just what techno and electro fans are looking for, even if regular attenders claim he plays better abroad, taking advantage of a fairly easy ride in Dublin.

DIGGZ

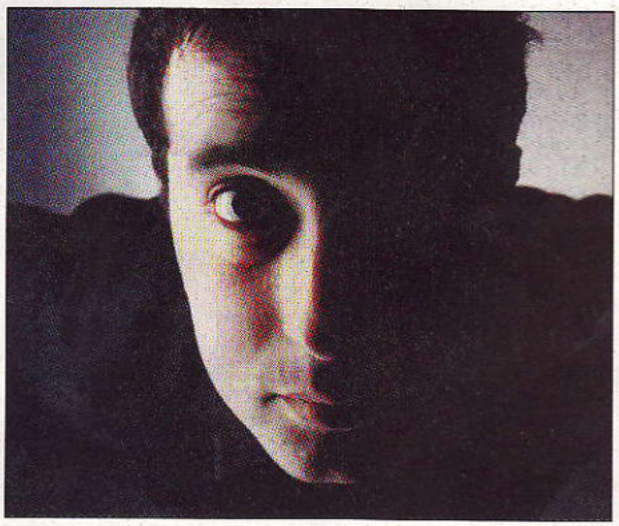
FRIDAY 21 SEP
TEMPLE THEATRE **£8/7**

Diggz is another one of those Brit boys on monthly rotation in the Temple Theatre. He has recently joined Trevor Nelson and the unfortunately-named Dodge as part of the prestigious MTV Lick Party team. Broadcasting on Southwest UK's Galaxy 101FM since '93, the show he developed as his baby, 'Soulpower' has gone on to theme a very successful club night in Bristol and Cardiff. He also throws magazines like Touch, Blues'n'Soul and Hip-Hop Connection a few reviews. Once again, the experience he's picked up in eight years will guarantee him that extra edge over the local support, but the Irish lads are trapping the tricks pretty fast.

SILICONE SOUL

SATURDAY 21 SEP
MONO **£13.50/12.50**

After their track 'Right On, Right' became one of the biggest underground house tunes of last year, Silicone Soul soon became one of Soma's most popular recording artists, with DJs as diverse as Andy Weatherall and that arsehole Pete Tong hammering their tracks. The duo hail from Glasgow, and take much of their direction from reggae and soul, which gives their fashionable tough, dubby sound an edge that many house artists lack. Due to the ubiquitous 'Right On, Right' and 'Chicola' being included on nearly every house compilation this year, the Wexford St. venue will be packed for what should be a fine night's music.



That grumpy bollix Dave Clarke

FINE SCOTCH TECH HOUSE

SLAM

FRIDAY 14 SEPTEMBER **£15/13.50**
MONO

It's hard to believe that in two years time, 'Positive Education' will be celebrating its tenth anniversary - nearly a decade of permanent residency at the back of many DJ's record box. No less than Thomas Bangalter of Daft Punk has proclaimed it "the most important UK techno record ever" and alongside A Guy Called Gerald's 'Voodoo Ray' it stands as one of the first tunes from the British Isles to give Detroit and Chicago a run for their money. Only later did everyone realise how much it had "borrowed" from Ron Trent's "Altered States", but they were forgiven (and anyone who's done the Pepsi challenge with the two records on the dancefloor knows which one does the most damage). The record has been a millstone in many ways for Orde Miekle and Stuart McMillan as, frankly, they've never been able to top it - not that it seems to have bothered them. They finally followed it up two years later in '95 with the defiantly non-commercial "Stepback" and have stayed in the same dirty tech-house groove ever since, maintaining their rep as Scotland's Godfathers of Electronic Funk. With top support from Rob Bright and Jay Cisco, it's another winning Bugged Out night.

One of the lads from Slam

JUSTIN ROBERTSON

FRIDAY 22 SEP
TBMC **£TBC**

This dude's been around since the bygone days of Acid House. Indeed, at his Most Excellent club night a pair of young students called the Chemical Brothers used to provide the tunes. He later produced on Deconstruction under the "Lionrock" guise. Recently, Robertson has concentrated more on DJing, but tracks are imminent under the 'Revtone' moniker. He is by now a regular at Bugged Out! and was responsible for the club's first mix CD. His sets can be described as eclectic: thanks to his meandering career through indie, northern soul, progressive house and techno. Generally though, on his recent visits to Dublin, he's mined the fusion of house and techno in keeping with the current trends.

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THE PADDY
Sun

Friday 13th 45P PRINTED IN 'EIRE'

COULD THE QUEEN MUM HAVE BONKED HITLER?

Special Investigation
by Mick O'Muck

We find their Kraut Lovechild

The Royal Family has been rocked to its foundations by a strange woman who claims to be the lovechild of Nazi boss Adolf Hitler and our own Queen Mother.

And - after we exclusively found the woman yesterday afternoon - we've launched an investigation to see if she's telling the truth

Here are the facts:

- After a few G&Ts she's anybody's.
- She's old enough

BIRDS OF A FEATHER: Adolf and Liz had the same ideas - but did they share a bed?

[illegible], Blacks, Indians or other colonials like the Micks . . .

INSIDE - the Braun family: 'Adolf never cheated on our Eva'. See p.4,5,6&7 for more

THE WORLD'S HUGEST BOOBS

And they're just like

The Paddy Sun

EXCLUSIVE by Paddy Nancy

THE PADDY Sun has discovered the world's greatest ever pair of hooters - right here in Eire. Proud Sinead McEntee (above) last night said she had no idea her breasts were so big.

But our crack squad of Irish tit-spotters happened to be over from London and they knew instantly that they had found something special.

The Sun boys couldn't believe their eyes when they saw busty Sinead milking a cow in Limerick.

And the Shannonside colleen was immediately given a Garda escort back to the Sun's offices, where her breasts were weighed in full view of our delighted staff.

PROUD

The Sun's chief tits man, Ritchie Failure said that this was just the boost that Ireland needed.

"These are perhaps the biggest tits since tragic Lolo Ferrari fell over and died," said Ritchie.

"Ireland can now take its place amongst the great Nations of Totty."

And Bertie Ahern - in Bangkok for a Man Utd friendly against Thailand - said that this was a sure sign the economy was going from strength to strength.

'If we can grow them this big, we must be doing something right,' joked the President at half-time.

Gerry Ryan was unavailable for comment but a spokesman said that 'he'd probably cut his dick off to get his hands on them.'

DUFFY: Thrilled

Boyzone Keith's Delight

BOYZONE'S KEITH Duffy, who is busy making a new album at home with his Fisher Price tape recorder, was delighted to comment - as usual.

The beaming pop star declared: "It's a great day to be Irish. I'm a father of two and I feel that qualifies me to comment on these enormous breasts.

"They're very big and they have nipples on the end."

The cheeky Northsider - grinning and showing his broken teeth - then asked our reporter to let him "be in the paper more often".

Inside your Paddy Sun today:

● Mystic Meg contacts Lolo Ferrari for comment ● Eire officially added to The Sun's Terrific Totty World Atlas ● Big Jack on what it means to be Irish ● Richard Littlejohn on the importance of Tits to National Pride ● Buichos le Dia!

Once off Clubbing

clubbing@theslate.ie

IT'S BIN FIVE LONG YEARS

BASSBIN 5TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

SAT 14 SEPTEMBER £8
SWITCH

THERE WAS a time not so long ago when it was ludicrous to suggest that drum n' bass would ever catch on in Dublin. It was too fast, too urban, too London and too fucking obscure, with early converts like Naphta and Don Rosco regularly having to drag their arses across the water to get the new tunes. Early attempts by the Outlaw Records collective (eg. A Nu-Skool in Columbia Mills) fared none too well in the 1994 climate of happy house, but Outlaw stubbornly stuck to their jungle guns and the shop became the first point of contact for the curious.

By 1996, though, the MCD-funded Quadrophonic were spending plenty of wad on the likes of Goldie and Doc Scott. Meanwhile, newly-named Bassbin were building up a more underground following with less obvious, but equally crucial, guests. Rohan joined Naphta on the decks and formed a watertight resident duo with a rotation team of similar calibre. The introduction of two talented MCs - Wuzza and Criminal K - completed the package. Refuge (Bassbin's homenight at Switch) is now the home of drum 'n' bass in the capital, packing 'em in every Friday no matter who's on, and for their fifth birthday, you can bet they'll have something special for the faithful.

Bassbin resident Rohan

JFK

SATURDAY 22 SEP
TEMPLE THEATRE £13.50

Straight out of the British Midlands comes a B-List Hard Trance DJ who's guaranteed to send the punters home trying to remember what his name was. JFK built up his own club (Passion in glamorous Coalville) by bringing in big name DJs like Ferry Corsten and Judge Jules who, with him, 'worked the cyber-kid crowd into a frenzy each week'. Unsurprisingly, this is a rare appearance for JFK outside of Passion, but it is his second show at the Temple in a few months, so obviously someone likes him - or else he's just cheap and easy. Watch out for his famous 'anthem time' slot near the end. An assasination joke would be obvious, but worth bearing in mind all the same.

JOHNNY MOY & BILLY SCURRY

SATURDAY 22 SEP
RED BOX £TBC

Nothing unusual here, you might think, until you realise that these two have barely shared a bill in the last few years. Things weren't always so - as the dynamic tag team at Temple Of Sound, their chemistry was a crucial part of the first bold musical move for Dublin clubbing. After the first year, the pattern was set - Johnny warmed up with hip-hop and experimental beats bringing the tempo and pressure up for Billy to release it as well as any of his UK contemporaries. Their paths split in 1996 when Moy left the Temple to pursue the Brit-hop thing full time in The Kitchen, a brave move which paid off handsomely. Scurry continued to refine and deepen his techno sets and by 1998, when Influx had tired of the UK beats scene and began to concentrate on techno, it wasn't unusual to find either of them supporting the same kind of guest. Tonight the common bond is deep house, but rumour has it John Reynolds is pairing the two up again regularly in Spy.

Go on you Moy you. Big Johnny looking a little fucked

CLAUDE YOUNG

SATURDAY 22 SEP
TBMC £TBC

Young, like Stacey Pullen and Robert Hood, is one of the third wave of Detroit pioneers and what he mainly seems to have brought to the Motor City table is his quickfire cut 'n' scratch DJ technique, flaying minimal techno in all directions a la Dave Clarke. As a gimmick, it wears thin after about half an hour (as do most sets based entirely on scratching) so it's just as well that his track selection elevates his sets above novelty value. An accomplished producer, he has recorded for an astonishing collection of US, UK and European labels

ST GERMAIN

WEDNESDAY 26 SEP
OLYMPIA £25.50/23.50

Is this Ludovic Navarre throwing on a few records before retiring to one of the Olympia bars, or bringing a few lads with him to tinkle the ivories and parp a lone trumpet over some house beats? Either way, expecting us to shell out nearly thirty smackers to see (the admittedly reclusive) Navarre do his organic house shuffle is a bit strong. Still, there's no doubt it will be a quality night from the man whose St Germain productions more or less kickstarted the trend in Ibiza towards deep, gentle house in the pre-club bars rather than local renditions of 'Lambada'.

Once off Clubbing

clubbing@theslate.ie

WEIRD CRUSTY HITS THE TOWN

LUKE VIBERT

FRIDAY 14 SEP £12.50
TEMPLE BAR MUSIC CENTRE

FANS OF offbeat electronica will be delighted with news that the guy behind the Wagon Christ and Plug Aliases is en route to Dublin. A man whose music spans many genres, Vibert is perhaps best known around here for his more laid back, instumental hip hop work which the likes of Donal Dineen have been hammering for years. Indeed, hip hop is Vibert's primary interest, but this certainly has not limited his output - his first forays into the world of recorded music were very much in the ambient vein, despite the fact that the Cornwall born producer claims barely to listen to such music. As well as releasing plenty of break-beat material for Ninja Tunes, Vibert has also ventured into the murky world of drill and bass, under his Plug guise. His tendency for obscure, bedroom experimentalism and his crusty-beardo appearance has drawn comparisons with Richard D James, but

Vibert plays with his Etch-A-Sketch

Vibert has always had a more playful, wacky feel to his works that makes him less of a threatening proposition than the Aphex Twin and the rest of the Rephlex crew. While many of his productions are heavily laden with annoying dialogue samples, at least this shows that Vibert doesn't take himself too seriously. Those who found Aphex and Squarepusher's recent visits to Dublin too hardcore might well enjoy this gig more. Recommended if you're looking for a break from the norm.

Scorpion, Tons Of Tones, Flexible, Scorp - it was as Sterac that he finally caught the imagination of minimal purists with 1996's 'Secret Life Of Machines' album. The sophisticated, complex Sterac sound may have been the gateway for many but it's not usually what he sounds like playing out - visitors to the Music Centre are more likely to be assaulted by jackhammer euro-tech. Nasty the same - just whacking out the same old monochrome thunderstorm he's been at for years. Support comes from Influx proteges RedSettaz and Philip Boyle.

FUTURESHOCK

SATURDAY 29 SEP
RED BOX £TBC

Futureshock? Again? For the remaining four Dublin clubbers who haven't seen them yet, Futureshock are Phil Dockerty and Alex Tepper from Birmingham. They're best known for their various remixes of artists like Underworld, Moby, the Chemical Brothers and Groove Armada. They have also released 'Sparc' and 'The Question'. (Not to be confused at all with PVD's 'The Riddle': what is it with DJs and puzzles?) Record label Fuju is a collaboration between Futureshock and Junior Boys Own. Their DJ sets are described as somewhere between progressive house and techno, a narcotic, full-on sound they've dubbed Big Room after the enormodrome style venues they generally play in. So here's a chance to see the pair in action. Again.

EASE

FRIDAY 28 SEP
HQ £8.50

DJ Ease - aka Nightmares on Wax - is a man who likes to smoke draw, and he's not shy about admitting it - often times you'll get free skins with his albums, and his inlay cards all feature drawings of wasted looking characters with fifteen feet joints in their hands. So no prizes for guessing that this night will be all about chilled beats and dubby basslines. Easily the most 'conventional' member of the Warp Records roster, Ease favours dependable hip hop beats while at the decks - as proven by his recent DJ Kicks album - and this night should be no different. The old jacks in the HQ were perfect for skinning up in - lets hope this poncey revamp won't change that. Support on the night comes from the Clinic DJs.

KEITH LAWRENCE

FRIDAY 28 SEP
TEMPLE THEATRE £8/7

The latest recruit to Karlos' Friday night Rhythm Corporation crew, Londoner Keith has been one of the key men (along with promoter Lenny) in the development of rnb, soul and hip hop in Dublin over the last five years. Their 2 Damn Funky (as mentioned in our rnb feature on p.15) nights started small in basement cafes and dodgy pubs 'til RiRa promoter Eoin Foyle took them in on a Sunday. The night became the home of rnb in the city during the crucial '97-'99 period of growth and expanded to a Friday night in the Music Centre. Legend has it Keith flew in at the weekends just to do his set, during which, then as now, you can expect an easy-going flow and plenty mic-chat.

STEVE RACHMAD & BILLY NASTY

FRIDAY 28 SEP
RED BOX £TBC

Influx getting those techno trousers on again for a full-on Music Centre bash with the main attraction being Dutchman Rachmad. Recording under a bewildering variety of psuedonyms - Black

VENUE CAPACITIES AND CONTACT DETAILS

Eamon Doran's (450), Crown Alley, 679 9114 **Frazer's** (800), O'Connell St., 878 7505 **Gaiety** (900), South King St., 679 5622 **HQ** (600), Middle Abbey St., 889 9499 **Isaac Butt** (620), Store Street, 855 5884 **Kitchen** (575), East Essex St., 677 6635 **Mono** (700), Wexford St. 475 8555 **Peg's** (800), Kildare St., 6794388 **Parnell Mooney** (230) Parnell St., 873 1544 **Pod** (600), Harcourt St., 478 0225 **Red Box** (1100), Harcourt St., 478 0166 **Ri-Ra** (500), Dame Court, 677 4835 **Shelter** (250), Vicar St., 454 5533 **Sugar Club** (250), Leeson St., 678 7188 **Switch** (350), Eustace Street, 670 7655 **Temple Bar Music Centre** (600), Curved Street, 670 9202 **Temple Theatre** (2000), Temple St., 874 5088 **Tomato** (400), Harcourt St. 478 3677 **Whelan's**, Wexford St., 478 0766

Regular Clubs

clubbing@theslate.ie

All nights that have this symbol 🍸 beside them have some kind of cheap booze deal. All clubs are weekly unless otherwise stated. Venue contact details can be found on p. 28 (opposite)

MONDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
MELTING POT £4

Dublin's original hip hop night continues with new residents. Doran's is not the most suitable venue for clubbing, and the booze is pricey, but you can always sit down and enjoy the turntable skills while having a good stroke of the chin. Last review: June 2001

KITCHEN 🍸
DA SMOOVE £5

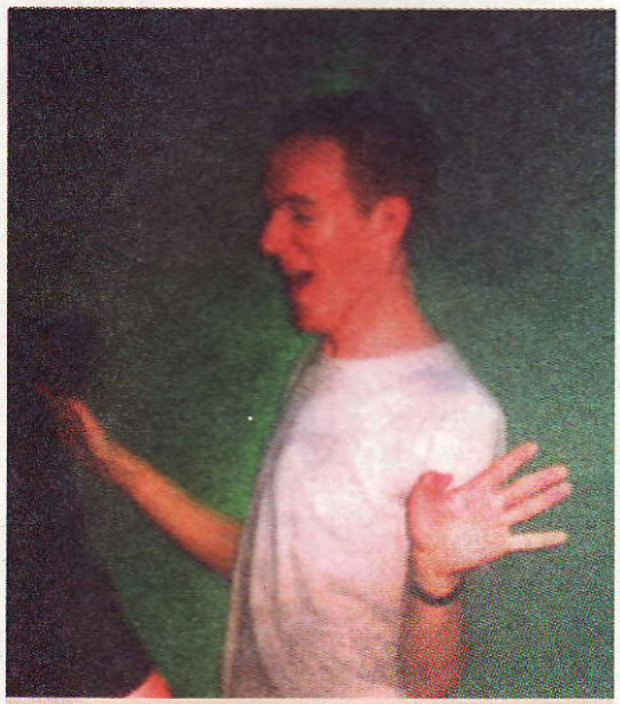
You'll hear some good hip hop, rnb and garage tracks here, but the way they are put together isn't conducive to a very atmospheric dancefloor. Vodka and Energy drink £1 each. Last review: March 2001

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG £5/4

This night continues to be one of the best late night drinking events in the town. Aidan Kelly and Co unashamedly stand there playing cheesey 80s hits downstairs, while Dandelion bangs out the 60s stuff up in the Globe. The ironic/nostalgic atmosphere allows everyone to dance to Madonna without feeling too foolish. Generally a well-dressed crowd, but not too up their holes to have a good time. Last review: March 2001

WAX
BOOGALOO £4

Funk, soul and beats are the order of the day in this new, rather flash club. DJs Dave Hales and David Ingham take the reins.



>>> NEW REVIEW

SLAM
SWITCH, MONDAYS £5

THIS NEWISH gay night has given Mondays at Switch a much needed shot in the arm. Resident DJ Karen switches between chart hits and deeper, more progressive tracks which can at times seem a little full on, but mostly keep the floor moving. Rocky T Delgado plays upstairs and his music sounds even more stupid than his name. Scattered around the club you will see plenty of young things, the odd half-naked muscle-man, and the obligatory drunken suit who is looking for a shag on the way home to the family. While the night doesn't have a particularly heady atmosphere - it is Monday after all - the mostly young and well dressed crowd make for a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere.

TUESDAYS

KITCHEN 🍸
GENIUS £5

This long running night has long been a favourite with students. They come for the techno (toned down a little lately), cheap booze and general mayhem, and rarely leave disappointed. Vodka £1. Last review March 2001.

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE £5/4

More hip hop, funk and soul from Rira, this time courtesy of Fionn Davenport et al. Participants can expect lots of solid party tunes and a good boozing environment. Plenty of good looking foreign types go to Rira, so if you're pissed off with looking at ugly Irish people, check this night out. Last review July 2001.

SWITCH 🍸
DAMAGE £5/4

One of Dublin's best midweek clubs. Damage attracts a bunch of techno heads who go mental on the dancefloor until well after the lights come on. Rotating DJs include Gedge, Francois and the excellent Joe McGrath. This is a banging night. Vodka and Shark £2. Last review March 2001

Fionn Davenport in Rira

TBMC
SALSA VILLA £6.50

The energetic Dr. Rumba hosts a dance class (starting at 8.30) before this club, and if you miss that, you may be at sea for the rest of the night. The newly-refurbished Music Centre has a fairly sanitised feel to it and is probably more suited to production line techno dancing than throbbing Latino passion. Last review June 2001.

WAX
TRIGGER £5

Anthony Mooney, Scott McNaughton and Pat McMellow are at the helm of this new house night downstairs from ultra-trendy joint Spy. Wax has a very odd dancefloor, but is not a bad place to sit down and drink in if you don't mind ponces. Expect to hear fairly laid back house most of the time, with the tempo being upped towards the end of the night.

>>> NEW REVIEW

POD 🍸
FRESH MODE £6/5/4

Davey Splyce

THERE WAS much excitement among hip hop devotees when this weekly club was launched. A proper venue with a good sound system, the POD publicity machine, and a load of Irish scratch DJs. Add to this some big name international guests, and surely a banging night is born? Well, the jury is out on this one. While you cannot doubt the skills of DJ Splyce - one of the better Irish lads out there - the ability of the Fresh Mode DJs to get the floor moving is lacking severely. They sometimes seem to completely ignore the crowd and scratch away, creating a racket that is hard to listen to, let alone dance to. The question must be asked: Is this kind of DJing suitable outside the bedroom? The answer can be found in the low numbers attending this night. On the positive side, the international guests are worth checking out (Schooly D, Rodney P), Splyce is excellent when he wants to be, and some great breakdancers drop in. Overall, though, a little disappointing.
Bacardi Breezer £2.50

Regular Clubs

WEDNESDAY

COYOTE LOUNGE
NEW YORK SOUL £FREE

A new night of funk, Northern Soul and breaks with resident DJs Manna, Dave Hales, Jimmy Behan and Mika. Free Tiger beer for the first 200 punters in the door.

EAMONN DORAN'S
HEAT £5/4

Expect plenty of commercial rnb material here - Dre, Destiny's Child and whatever else is bumping up the charts at the time. It's all scratched together by DJ Eddie. Not bad. Last review July 2001

KITCHEN
BLUE £5/4

This excellent deep house night was supposed to be shutting down but is still going on. Residents are Shay Hannon and Hugh Scully. Last review June 2001

MONO
BLISS £5

Packed with first-year students getting shit-faced on dangerous booze promos while Nova FM's Conor G plays his best cheesy prog and trance. All drinks £1.50.

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK £5/4

The reggae scene in Dublin seems to be on the up right now, but this is where it's been kept going for the last few years. A top class night out. Last review March 2001

POD
GLORY £5

Messy affair as a mass of students invade the Pod. Andy Preston lashes out the kind of tunes that help them all get wrecked. All pints £1.50. Two for the price of one b4 12. Ladies free b4 12.

RIRA
TONGUE N GROOVE £5/4

Today FM's Donal Dineen headlines with a mix of hip hop, house, soul and whatever else he feels like. Can verge a bit towards the wanky Latin side of things, but not that often.

SWITCH
FUNK'D UP £5/4

Expect tech-house, techno and electro from Impulsive Records duo Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey. Also features top class Irish underground guests. Vodka and Shark £2. Last review March 2001

TBMC
SOUL RIOT £5/3

This new club gets going on September 14th and promises a selection of jazzy dancefloor tracks. The residents will include Murfi, Dave Rice and Gerry Molumby. Selected pints £2, selected shots £1.

WAX
FUNK SHAKIN' £TBC

Funk, rare groove and disco night which kicked off in this flash joint after we went to press. Residents include Carlito and Thierry and the press release says it has something to do with Vibe in the Pod, which is a good sign.

>>> NEW REVIEW

FUNKTIONAL
FRAZER'S, THURSDAYS £5

THE BASEMENT of Frazer's is a notoriously difficult place to get people to go to - even the Monk himself wouldn't feel safe there. However, this has not deterred the promoters of this night from lining up some of the best Dublin underground techno DJs and putting on some great music. The lean of the night is generally towards the Detroit end of the spectrum, with Joe McGrath and Rob Rowland playing storming sets, despite the fact that the place isn't exactly packed. The music is excellent, the venue is, at least, dark - all this night needs is a few more punters to work.

THURSDAYS

COYOTE LOUNGE
MINIMA £FREE

Decent-looking house night in this new D'Olier St. club. Residents include Malik and the excellent Sean Scully.

KITCHEN
NU BREED £6

A deceitfully named night - this claims to break new DJ talent, but that is bollox - most of the people who play here are well known names about town. Still, a fairly good night - mainly house and breaks.

PARNELL MOONEY
GROUND ZERO £3/2

Watch out Limp Bizkit, Westlife and anyone else who peddles 'bogus rock and roll'. Here's a new night that vows to fight nu-metal and boybands with 'four decades' worth of indie, punk, and hardcore'.

POD
VIBE £7/5/4

Frank Jez and Mark White play a fine blend of hip hop beats and soulful rnb, inviting a bunch of well into it punters to bump n grind until the bouncers call time. One of the best rnb gigs in town. Last review March 2001

RIRA
FUNK OFF £6/5

Aran McMahon plays an eclectic, beat-orientated set. It certainly packs the dancefloor, but there's still room up in the Globe if you want to collapse.

RED BOX
REVOLVER £5/4

A fairly diabolical student night which can be unfavourably compared to a battery farm for hens. An assortment of DJs belt out 'student' dance music. The only consolation is that - if you end up here by accident - you can at least get fucking wrecked on the cheap booze. 2 Vodkas and a Red Bull is only £5. All other drinks £1.50. Last review June 2001

SWITCH
PHUTUREGROOVE £5

Mark Dixon and Billy Scurry play accessible house (plenty of xylophones and other non-threatening sounds). The crowd is almost as trendy as the jazzy tunes. Asahi, Grolsch and Nastro Azzurro at £2 a bottle. Last review March 2001

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA £5/4

Indie disco with Eamon Sweeney et al. A good option if you are bent on guitar-inspired mayhem, with plenty of oddly clothed rockers giving it welly.

TOMATO
TOMATO £6

Some kind of Velure-ish latin shit with Stephen Hughes and Aidan Kelly taking a week each and Tarquin and Poppy back in the motherfucking lounge.

WAX
MENAGE £5

Old-schoolers Johnny Moy and Billy Scurry get stuck in with a bit of deep house. Will be interesting to see how this basement venue gets on.

The lads from Vibe (Thursday in the Pod)

Regular Clubs

FRIDAYS

COYOTE LOUNGE
KUDOS £7

New night which will apparently be knocking out an 'uplifting mix of house & progressive house'. Hopefully it'll be fucking good.

FRAZERS
D:FUSE £5/4

Dublin's most underground techno night takes place in a basement at the top of O'Connell St. Hard, relentless sound, plants hanging from the ceiling and enough mentallers to make this tiny venue seem full make for a great night. Last review March 2001

GAIETY
SALSA PALACE £9

As a venue, the Gaiety has the potential to be one of the greats. Unfortunately, its hedonistic late 90s era has given way now to a more depressing atmosphere, where desperate thirty-somethings chase each other round the club trying to get married. One great advantage, though, is that it stays open until 4am.

HQ
THE CLINIC £8.50

Held in association with FM104, Dumfly and some other naff brands, this night still manages to be a good. Used to be called Soul Clinic, but they didn't play any soul, so the name has sensibly been changed. Last month's guests included Kelis and Roger Sanchez.

KITCHEN
ROTATING PROMOTERS £10

Fridays in the Kitchen rotate between drum 'n' bass, techno and rnb. Check our once-off listings or else ring the club beforehand.

MONO
MOTION £VARIES

This is Mono's flagship night. The foreign guests tend to vary between different brands of house and techno and are well worth checking out. Next month's include Slam and Silicone Soul.

POD
HAM £8/6

House music from Hugh Scully and Shay Hannon keeps the dancefloor bumping until the early hours at this hedonistic gay club. Be warned though - HAM has a no-straights door policy - so you'll have to lie your hole off if you're not gay but still want to get in.

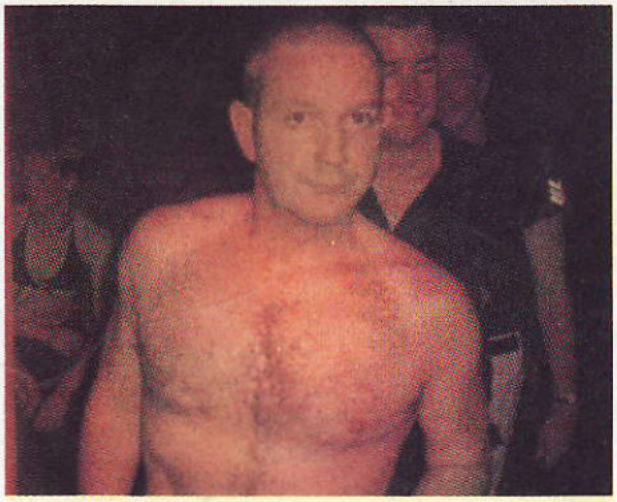
RED BOX
DEVOTION £7/5

The Red Box has pulling power for international guests, and the quality is often excellent on Friday nights (apart from the odd trance disaster). Check out our once-off listings for more.

RIRA
RINKA £7/6

Mainstream clubbers move back into Rira as the weekend kicks off. This leads to a packed dancefloor with Carlito's 70s and 80s funk more than making up for any discomfort you might experience.

One Step: He likes dressing up as Carl Cox.



>>> NEW REVIEW

SOSO
PEG'S OF KILDARE ST £8/7

THIS IS one of two newly promoted nights in Peg's, the place that was once famous only for the sight of drunk teenagers trying to have sex with each other. However, while the venue is still as horrible as ever, the music policy has improved by 100%, and Soso is now attracting an enthusiastic, if sometimes small crowd. The resident DJs are Sean B Doyle and man-of-the-moment Bubbles, who also plays Odyssey in the POD. Punters can expect to hear deep to tech house. Irish guests often make appearances, including Greg Dowling of Sir Henry's in Cork, and the excellent Toirse. Another good reason to go there is a phenomenal booze deal - all pints and shots only £1.50 each. All in all, a good Friday night option.

SWITCH
REFUGE £8

Dublin's only remaining weekly drum n' bass night is well worth checking out - even if you have never been a big fan of the genre. Bassbin DJs (Rohan, Naphta, Droid, Slug, etc.) whip the crowd into a frenzy while MCs Wuzza and Criminal K lash out rhymes over the top. The lads are celebrating their 5th birthday this month, so check our once-off listings for more info on their party. Asahi £2 a bottle. Last review June 2001

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION £8

This club is definitely at the classier end of theDublin rnb (see our rnb feature p.15), with top Brit DJs, podium dancers and a crowd of extra-jiggy party-goers. Next month's guests are as follows: **The Starlight Crew** 7/9; **One Step (left)** 14/7; **Diggz (MTV Lick Party)** 21/7; **Keith Lawerence** 28/7. Last review July 2001

TEMPLE THEATRE
PASHA £8

With an rnb spectacular taking place upstairs, Darren Flynn bangs out hard-edged progressive stuff to an enthusiastic crowd in the Crypt. Definitely a good venue for this kind of night.

TOMATO
FRIG NIGHT £8

Aidan Kelly plays his usual funk-based mix on the main floor with Pat McMellow and some chap called Beano getting into to it back in the lounge.

WHELAN'S
INDIE £5

Anarchic guitar-based music club which kicks off when the live gig ends. The crowd depends partly on the band that precedes it, but for a late drink and a DJ on a Saturday night, this is definitely good value.

Regular Clubs

SATURDAYS

GAIETY
SOUL STAGE £9

A wide selection of jazz, cabaret and soul means you get your money's worth entertainment-wise and, like on Friday here, the bar is open until almost 4am.

HQ
NEON £10

Eoghan Young takes the reins for this popular house night. Since this club started up about six months ago, they've been bringing in a big crowd and some good guests.

KITCHEN
FEVER/NOVA £10

Progressive house night that's run by Kitchen stalwart Podje. Usually fairly good.

LIFE
BASIC £6

With the excellent Central club in Switch coming to an end, the promoters will be focusing their attentions on the revamped Life bar. Expect the best in house.

MONO
ROTATE £10/8

As the name suggests, this night runs a shared residency, with Raymond Franklin and Paddy Sheridan taking fortnightly turns on the decks.

POD
MODERN ART £10/8

It's Saturday night at the Pod so make an effort if you want to get in. Robbie Butler and his guests (check our once-offs guide) play thumping house and a fairly glammed-up crew get well into affairs on the dancefloor.

RED BOX
RED £10

A fairly random selection of (usually quite good) DJs play the Red Box on a Saturday. Their large appeal tends to create the kind of atmosphere that is perfect for the air hangar-like Red Box. See once-offs for more info.

RIRA
SWIRL £8

Saturday at Rira brings in a rake of yuppie-ish types who queue shivering outside in their small clothes. The music is good inside with Emma C playing a soul-based mix downstairs.

SWITCH
MODEL 1 £8

This D1 Records night is one of Dublin's most loyally supported clubs. DJs Eamonn Doyle and Alan Carberry favour a deeper kind of techno to the skullcrushing stuff you'll normally find around Dublin. Asahi £2 a bottle. Last review June 2001.

>>> NEW REVIEW

ZERO
PEG'S OF KILDARE ST £8/7

SATURDAY NIGHT techno is the order of the day here, and while this night won't change the world, you can't fault it's music policy. Residents Damien Walsh, Joe McGrath and guests - who are taken from the cream of Dublin's underground techno army - bang out the music and there have been enough loolas attending to ensure plenty of grinding teeth and hands in the air. Techno nights often benefit from a nice dark dancing area, and that is something that could be changed here - the floor is a bit too bright and may discourage the shy raver. While numbers haven't been great, given a little more

SHELTER
VELURE £8/7

Velure's successful mix of upbeat disco and latin music has served them well down the years. Arrive before 12 and you can dance for free 'till 3am.

SHOOTERS
SUGAR £8/6

Frank Jez (also of Vibe in the Pod) gets fresh with the rnb beats in this refurbished sports bar.

TEMPLE THEATRE
SP@CE £12.50

The biggest names in international hard house and trance send an outrageously enthusiastic dancefloor here completely mental. Guests this month include Judge Jules and Mario Piu. Check our once-offs for more info.

PROMOTERS!

Get your shit in The Slate by sending info to clubbing@theslate.ie.

CLUBBING GOSSIP AND BITCHING . . .

IT'S ALL go down at Castle Influx - literally. On their way out the door are long-serving DJ Glen Brady, and founder partner Johnny Moy. Glen - aka DJ Wool and a legend in Castlebar - is taking his deck skillz over to the US, where they will undoubtedly be subjected to some ridicule.

Moy is renouncing his share in the promotions outfit and is likely to be concentrating more on production work from now on. After remixing U2's Elevation with Leo Pearson, Johnny's studio skills are apparently in hot demand. Either way, Mad Moy's departure should serve to galvanize the slightly chaotic Influx operation.

Also in the big-time world of Dublin club promoters, money-lovers MCD are going from strength to strength, leaving a string of pissed-off people in their wake. A much-heralded revamp of HQ has been ditched in favour of a more dance-friendly booking policy at their new venue, the Ambassador. With Basement Jaxx and Richie Hawtin already lined up for gigs at the top of O'Connell St., the former cinema is looking more and more like MCD's flagship clubbing venue. So the superclub at HQ has vanished like a puff of smoke, and things are back as they always were in the Abbey St club - almost. One notable change is the departure of Anthony Mooney, who brought his Friday night house club (and

Anthony Mooney

a regular crowd of about 350) to HQ about six months back. In all the excitement of the revamp, though, poor Anto seems to have ended up on the outside looking in, while his night - Neon - and its crowd are kept on with MCD favourite Eoghan Young at the helm.

Regular Clubs

SUNDAYS

EAMON DORAN'S
PLAYAZ BALL £5

Check this out if you want to see one of the most entertaining DJs in the city. Funkmaster Lee plays rnb, hip hop and a bit of garage. His mixing is grand and he throws in an impressive bit of scratching every now and then as well. The real draw, though, is his dancing, which involves Lee running around the stage like a lunatic while the music is playing.

KITCHEN
DISCOTONIC £5

After the demise of Wildlife as the Kitchen's Sunday night club, Discotonic was set to kick off at the Temple Bar club just after we went to press. Residents include Tayor, Eamon Flavin, Aoife Nic Canna and Nealo and the music is expected to follow a housey pattern with, as the name suggests, a disco feel to the whole thing.

POD
ODYSSEY £5

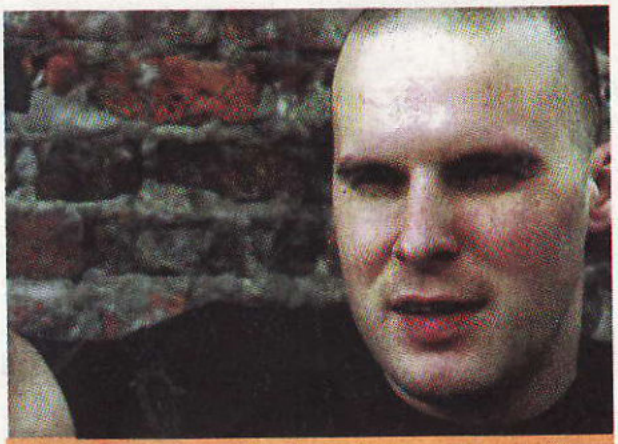
The DJ's name is Bubbles, but he still manages to produce some of the best house music in Dublin, sending the snazzy clientele into pre-Monday frenzy of denial. Free before 10pm.
Last review March 2001

RIRA
BASS MONKEY £5/4

Good hip hop, soul and funk from Pete Pamf make for a fairly laid back evening at the close of the weekend. Aoife Nic Canna keeps stragglers happy up in the Globe.

SWITCH
CENTRAL £5/4

The end has come for one of Dublin's top club nights. The Central crew will be making regular appearances in the Life Bar and The Shelter over the next while. Meanwhile, Switch are planning to replace Central with an 'Early School' night, where all the tunes played will have to be pre-1994. Sounds good.



STEVIE G: He's got the flow, Bro

>>> NEW REVIEW

FRESH N' FUNKY
COYOTE LOUNGE £5

THIS CLUB ran very successfully in the HQ for ages, and it's move around the corner to Coyote has done it no harm. This new bar/club has a cavern-tunnel style layout which means that there are always places to sit down in peace in, and there is a fine dance floor plonked in the middle should you feel like dancing. Tony D and Stevie G reside, and while the FM 104 Tony's lack of mixing skills and cheesey voice-overs grate a bit, nobody gives a fuck here. Stevie G is excellent, and always worth checking out. The crowd are dressed up but not too up their own arses, and if you catch Fresh n Funky on the right night, you'll have a great time.

DJ BARS

MONDAYS

Handel's - Open Deck
Modern Green Bar - Lectro *DJ Mika and Peter Kelly (electro and house)*
Mono - *Tony Dixon (rnb)*
Viva - *Sean Hand (laid back rnb, etc.)*

TUESDAYS

Handel's - Joy *Soul Sister*
Modern Green Bar - Lektricks *with Jimmy Behan & Brian Bradley*
Mono - *Mike McCoy (mix)*
Thomas House - *techno DJs/ cocktail promos*
Viva - Relax *Bubbles (house, laid back stuff)*

WEDNESDAYS

Globe - Jazz/ Funk New Root Rhythm alternating
Handel's - *Ollie Moore (breaks, beats, reggae and electro)*
Life Bar - *Frank (Nova FM)*
Modern Green Bar - *Steve Murray & Fergus Murphy (latin/funk)*
Mono - *Mike Molloy (mix)*
Thomas House - Ska, Roots, Rhythm club from 8pm
Viva - Sound Factory (ground floor) *Eddie Lennon/* Crunch (upstairs) *Dara (Big Brother records, laid back mix)*

THURSDAY

4 Dame Lane - *Aidan Kelly/Aoife Nic Canna (rnb)*
Globe - *Pat McMellow*
Gubu - Fro Motion, *DJ Malik/ Dave Hughes (deep and funky house)*
Handel's - *Rocky T. Delgado (electro)*
Hogan's - *Mr. Moto*
Life Bar - *DJ Eamon 60s/70s/80s*
Modern Green Bar - *Redsettaz f. Morgan (everything from disco to techno)*
Mono - *Ilk (eclectic)*
Thomas House - *Eamon Sweeney and guests (indie)*
Viva - Retrospect *Mark Kelly (retro rock)*

FRIDAY

4 Dame Lane - *Donal Scannell / Mark Kelly*
Globe - *Pat McMellow*
Gubu - *DJ Mikey (70s, 80s)*
Handel's - *Star DJ (mixed bag but no handbag)*

Mayhem, Mono, Fridays

Hogan's - *Malik/ Nello Romano*
Life Bar - *Scott McNaughton (eclectic)*
Modern Green Bar - *Fionn Davenport (funk/ disco/ hip hop)*
Mono - Choice Cuts *DJs Scope/Splyce/ Mayhem Reggae/jazz/80s glued together w hip hop*
Thomas House - Alternates between live jazz and live funk from *72 Custom*
Viva - Fishbowl *Aidan Kelly + guests (eclectic)*

SATURDAYS

4 Dame Lane - *Aidan Kelly/ Bootsy*
Globe - *Brian Nevin*
Handel's - 7.30-9.30: Rocky's Revenge *Rocky T. Delgado.* 9.30-1.30 *DJ Dara (hip hop, jazz, funk)*
Hogan's - *Eddie Eustace, Dan O'Keefe*
Modern Green Bar - *Freestyle*
Mono - *Ronan O (funky house)*
Viva - This Way Up *Paul Webb, guests*

SUNDAYS

4 Dame Lane - Crash *Influx DJs play various styles*
Capital - *Chillax (Live Band) 6 -9, Pat McMellow (motown, rnb, etc.) after the band.*
Globe - *jazz (afternoon)*
Gubu - *Jazz Action (5-7pm)DJ Emma (from about 9) mix*
Handel's - *Casa Grande & Co. (Deep Grooves, Soul, Funk.)*
Hogan's - Sundays (4-11.30) *Color/ Eddie Eustace/ Nello Romano/ Mr. Moto + guests.*
Modern Green Bar - *Killian Murphy Big Brother/ Dec Comiskey (jazz/hip hop)*
Thomas House - *Deep house*
Viva - Bump *Quilli, Tom Rixton, guests*

Live Music gigs@theslate.ie

U2
SATURDAY 1 SEP
SLANE, CASTLE **SOLD OUT**

The men who like to think of themselves as the greatest fucking band in the world are back, and after touring since March, are returning to the native sod for two dates. The hype that surrounded ticketing for the first show (which sold out in 4 seconds) ensured that there would be a second, making them the biggest music events of the summer. They will probably put on a good show, but they have the misfortune to be fronted by a pompous, self-righteous simpleton who never fails to embarrass himself when spouting off about this month's right-on cause (Tibet?World debt? You name it, Bono doesn't know shit about it). The support is made up of other clapped out rock bands and some of the worst 'young' groups you'll find around - JJ72, Nelly Furtado - but all in all it would take the most bitter of U2 critics to deny that this will be a good day out.

BRIGHT EYES
SUPPORT: GEMMA HAYES
TUESDAY 4 SEP
WHELAN'S, 8PM **£9.50**

Bright Eyes is essentially a vehicle for the outpourings of one Conor Oberst, a sensitive soul from Nebraska who inhabits similar territory to Nick Drake. He shouldn't, however be misconstrued as the archetypal folky, acoustic-plucking miserablist, with his songs often incorporating diverse instrumentation, as well as samples of household appliances. Also, on 'Neely O'Hara' you'll find one of his college professors speaking in Russian. Oberst also has a way with an acerbic lyric; consider this line from 'A Perfect Sonnet': "I believe that lovers should be tied together and thrown into the ocean in the worst of weather and left there to drown, left there to drown in their innocence." With support from the similarly eclectic Gemma Hayes, this is definitely worth checking out.

He pisses on kittens

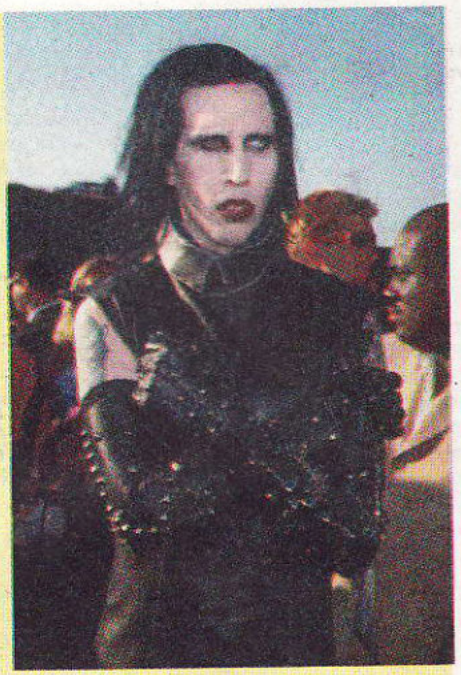
NOT YOUR AVERAGE BOY

MARILYN MANSON
WEDNESDAY 5 SEPTEMBER **£22.50-£25**
THE POINT THEATRE, 8PM

SO-CALLED 'shock rockers' Marilyn Manson have somehow managed to slip through the fingers of the parents associations and are preparing to spread their Satanic message to Ireland's yoof. Formed in 1994, the band have seen numerous line-up changes, with frontman Manson (neé Brian Warner) being the only original member.

Despite the fact that he has become something of a media darling of late, Manson remains one of the most notorious and controversial rock stars in the world, drawing more protesters to his concerts than an EU summit. The flurry of rumours surrounding the man (including speculation that he is the nerdy kid from the Wonder Years, or that he had ribs removed to allow him to suck his own dick) are testament to how successfully he has managed to make himself into an 'Anti-Christ Superstar'.

While the band may be best known for their on-stage antics, such as cross dressing and setting fire to drummers, they really can string together a decent tune.



Marilyn on the way to a job interview

With an arsenal of four excellent studio albums the band has no shortage of shout-along classics, such as "The Beautiful People", their infamous cover of Eurythmics' "Sweet Dreams (are made of this)" and numerous catchy choruses (eg, "I'm not in love/but I'm gonna fuck you/till somebody better comes along") to get even the most jaded of goths stomping.

As this concert is being filmed, gig-goers can expect the show to be every bit as over the top as they had hoped, and more, as Manson parades himself for the cameras.

COMPETITION TIME!

Can you name the lead singer of JJ72? Then you win a kick in the cunt! Howsabout that!

ELKIE BROOKS
WEDNESDAY 5 SEP
OLYMPIA **£19.50**

Born Elaine Bookbinder in Salford, this chanteuse quickly ditched her northern soul roots and developed a penchant for big ballads which went down a treat in the 70s. Now 58, she has a family, practices Akido, and still manages to find time to record albums - modern women, eh? Ultimately, she is a talented singer who mixes jazz, blues and rock, but her present direction may be too middle-of-the-road for some. She is most famous for her versions of "Pearls a Singer" and "No More the Fool" donkeys' years ago. Let's just hope that she doesn't perform her disastrous cover of 'Stairway to Heaven'.

JACK L
FRIDAY 7 SEP
OLYMPIA **£18.50 / £19.50**

Yet another appearance from the Naas man who listened to far too many Sinatra songs as a youngster. After a thoroughly exciting tour including dates in Mullingar and Drogheda, the Lukeman bandwagon trundles into the Olympia on the 7th and 8th. L has built his career on shocking grannies and causing several heart failures by wearing leather pants while performing on the Late Late Show. His bizarre combination of lounge crooner and rocker fails miserably, and even leaves him trailing in the wake of the likes of Red Hurley. A show strictly for old ladies and the Hotpress editorial staff.

Live Music

ORANGE GOBLIN
FRIDAY 7 SEP
TBMC **£TBC**

In a world gone mad over miserable teenagers with 2 chords and bad rapping, it's always nice to have someone who reminds you of where heavy metal all began. Orange Goblin have never been what you would call outstandingly original, their love of stoner bands such as Black Sabbath and Kyuss being blindingly obvious, but they do refresh the rock fan by not being hung up on themselves. The London group's latest album, "the Big Black", is not about breaking up with girlfriends or wanting to die because the teachers say you're thick, instead the Goblins opt for songs about smoking weed and time-travel. Notorious for being fervent beer-swillers, don't expect them to be too sober by the end of the show.

GARY MOORE
MONDAY 10 SEP
OLYMPIA **£27.50 / £29.50**

After a brief flirtation with credibility in Thin Lizzy, Yorkshire-man Gary hit upon the novel idea of basing a career around playing noisy twelve-bar blues with his foot on a distortion pedal and a pained expression on his face. His twiddly fretwork is impressive for a couple of minutes, but lacks inventiveness and soon becomes less fun than having to listen to Bob Geldof telling jokes. His routine has been done better by people with better hair-cuts, and at his age, he really should fuck off.

Don't fuck with Brooks

THE KINGSBURY MANX
WEDNESDAY 12 SEP
TBMC, 7.30PM **£11.50 / £13**

This North Carolina band visit the Music centre for an appearance that could turn out to be one of the gigs of the month. Their second album is out shortly, and their eponymously titled debut, an excellent LP with subtle musicianship, nice harmonies and thoughtful lyrics was released last year. Hailing from America's south and influenced by folk and country music, they use finger-picking and attention to detail to soup up their essentially indie band formula. If you've yet to hear what they're like, Ellliot Smith, Yo la Tengo, The Beatles (circa White album), the Beach Boys and even 'Waterfall'-era Stone Roses could be mentioned by way of comparison. While they certainly are not breaking any new ground, there's definitely something quite distinctive about the Manx's brooding sound. If they can handle the material well onstage we might be in for something special. Decently priced tickets also give you very little reason not to check these lads out.

Jack L: Prickish in pink

CHILD EATERS IN TOWN

TATTOO THE EARTH TOUR
FEAT. PANTERA, SLAYER, CRADLE OF FILTH, STATIC-X
THURSDAY 13 JULY **£36.50/ 37.50/ 38.50**
THE POINT THEATRE, 6PM, SHOW 6.15PM

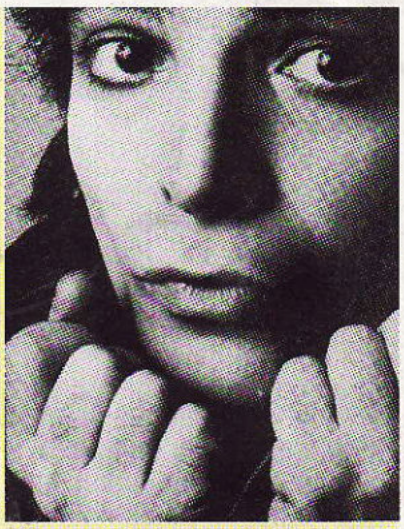
DUBLIN'S POINT is bracing itself for a heavy stomping under the massive steel-toe-capped boot of the Tattoo the Planet tour. The line-up consists of four of the metal world's greatest and most brutal acts.
While relative newcomers to the metal world, especially considering the other bands performing, Static-X have made their mark in a short time. 1999's "Wisconsin Death Trip" and this year's "Machine" have seen them evolve into one of the most invigorating electro-metal groups since White Zombie.
Since their debut album in 1994, Cradle of Filth have turned themselves from a dodgy bunch of vampiresque goons into the world's biggest selling black metal band. Having the fastest member turnover in Britain hasn't managed to stop them yet and they will certainly put on a great show.
Slayer are one of the most respected and heaviest thrash metal bands ever to have crawled out of the 80s. Between their debut "Show No Mercy" in 1983 and their new album "God Hates Us All", Slayer's music has stayed heavy, nasty and true to heavy metal ideals.
Headline act Pantera made their impression in 1992 by being the first heavy metal band to get to number one in the singles charts with their song "Mouth for War". Pantera set out to be "fucking heavy" and over the past 11 years, they have certainly managed that.

SUICIDE IS PAINLESS

SUICIDE

FRIDAY 21 SEP £14.50/ £16.50
THE AMBASSADOR

CONTRARY TO what their name might suggest, Suicide is not a bunch of death-metal longhairs, but one of the pioneers of electronic music. Formed in 1971 by two New Yorkers, Martin Rev and Alan Vega, Suicide made its name playing in avant-garde clubs like CBGBs alongside the likes of the Velvet Underground, the New York Dolls and the Ramones. Though their songs mightn't actually be familiar to the average music listener, few bands from the era (with the exception of the Velvet Underground and the Stooges) have had a greater influence on the music of the intervening thirty years. Suicide's range, from soothing synths to furiously up-tempo beats, were highly innovative for their time, and continue to exert an influence on bands like the Chemical Brothers and Primal Scream ('Keep Your Dreams' was heavily influenced by a Suicide song of the same name). Both Rev and Vega have had prolific solo careers in the last fifteen years, the former releasing an album last year, though they both insist that Suicide never broke up, so this date in the Temple Bar Music Centre is not a comeback gig. Still, it will be very interesting to hear how new technology will have affected their raw sound.



You can't hide from Suicide

THE 4 OF US

SATURDAY 15 SEP
WHELAN'S, 8.30PM £9.50

This, lest we forget, is the band who brought us "Mary" - an irritating song about domestic violence - but you probably know far more of their songs than you think you do: Drag My Bad Name Down, Baby Jesus, She Hits Me (a song about a more justifiable case of domestic violence, one suspects) and Change, the latter from last year's comeback 'Classified Personal'. This The Slate cannot account for. We suspect Marian Finucane may have given some of these songs a spin occasionally on Liveline. But it's as hard to hate the 4 of Us as it is to love them. They're decent, hard-working guys who'll never become successful enough to earn our wrath. The release of this year's "not our greatest hits" Greatest Hits package 'Off The Record' will probably have their fans hoping for a set that does something to restore their con-fid-ence in the Newry boys. It includes a 'dance-y' re-recording of 'Mary' - surely the most inspired decision in Irish pub-rock since someone suggested doing a 'rock' version of the Field of Athenry.

GRAND DRIVE & THE JUBILEE ALLSTARS

SATURDAY 15 SEP
WHELAN'S, 8.30PM £9.50

"If there's any justice at all in pop, Grand Drive's second album will be a shoo-in for the Mercury Music Prize", said some asshole in the Irish Times. Who gives a fuck about the Mercury prize? Irritating statements like this aside, Grand Drive are an undeniably good band. Specialising in excellent country-tinged songs, they'll appeal to anybody who likes Ryan Adams and the rest of the alt. country brigade. They're touring to promote their top class 'True Love & High Adventure' album. Support on the night is also out of the top drawer. Irish veterans the Jubilee Allstars make a final live appearance before they head into the studio to record a new album. First on stage is newcomer Paul O'Reilly.

Martin Stephenson: Lo-fi kind of guy

MARTIN STEPHENSON

WEDNESDAY 19 SEP
WHELAN'S, 8.30PM £10.50

Along with his band the Daintees, Martin Stephenson managed to achieve a cult status in the 80s, when every self-respecting student record collection featured a copy of their opus, Boat to Bolivia. Since then, he has never followed the typical career path of the average indie artist. In 1992, for example, when his profile was arguably at its highest, and with his then-label, London pressing for a hit single, he opted instead to undertake a tour of tiny bars and folk clubs in the Scottish Highlands. Moreover, the recording budget for his most recent release, "The Lilac Tree" - reportedly a whole £1.99 - gives a new meaning to the term lo-fi. It is also only on sale from his website. The last time Stephenson visited these shores he sold out Vicar St, so you'd want to get your tickets pretty sharp-ish.

WRITERS NEEDED . . .

IF INTERESTED IN WRITING FOR THE SLATE'S LIVE MUSIC SECTION, EMAIL GIGS@THESLATE.IE

Once off Clubbing clubbing@theslate.ie

PAUL O'REILLY AND CREATIVE CONTROLE

THURSDAY 24 SEP
WHELAN'S, 8.30PM £12.50

Paul O'Reilly's appearance on the Dublin music scene in the last year has precipitated much praise and admiration for the young man whose performances have mostly consisted of support gigs. Supporting Will Oldham in Vicar Street in May, the audience quickly warmed to his folkish, arpeggio guitar style and soft, mellow voice. On that occasion, he was accompanied by talented guitarist Steve Fanagan, whose career seems to be on similarly progressive tracks. O'Reilly's main influence seems to be Nick Drake, and closing your eyes, you could be forgiven for mistaking one for the other. In what must be one of the mismatches of the year, we have Irish hip hop band Creative Controle on warm up duties - about as far away from soft folk as you can get. While some would write CC off as a dull parody of american rap, they have a 12" single out soon and are the first Irish rap band to receive decent media coverage since Scary Eire. Come along and check them out for yourself.

JIMMY BEHAN & THE CONNECT 4 ORCHESTRA

MONDAY 24 SEP
WHELAN'S, 8.30PM £12.50

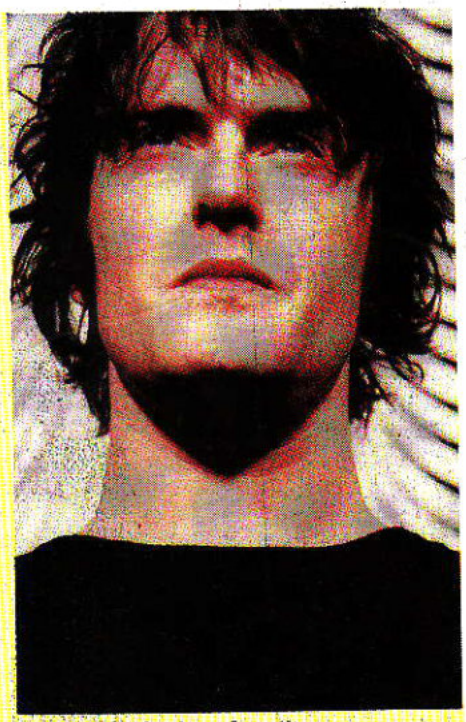
Flush with success following the release of his debut ep on Kin recordings, Jimmy Behan joins up with the Connect 4 Orchestra for a night of offbeat grooves in Whelan's. Behan is usually found djing in the Modern Green Bar and the Coyote Lounge with partner in crime Brian Bradley, and sports one of the trendiest/stupidest haircuts in town. Joining him on the night will be the Connect 4 Orchestra, who are made up of the remnants of the band Palomine. They specialise in layers of instrumental feedback and should provide a very interesting backdrop for Behan.

SPACEMAN ONE IS BACK IN TOWN

SPIRITUALISED

FRIDAY 6 JULY £12.50
TEMPLE BAR MUSIC CENTRE

SPIRITUALISED HAVE always had an excellent reputation as a live band, and this oppurtunity to see their main driving force with a 13 piece band is something no fan will want to miss. The group underwent a bit of a makeover about a year ago, when Jason "Spaceman" Pierce sacked every member of the band, accusing them of being lazy bastards. Always a true fanatic, Pierce has dedicated himself to making quality music and getting himself royally fucked up since his days in electro-rock pioneers Spaceman 3. He utilises distortion techniques, gospel choirs, string sections and other gimmicks to enhance a fairly straightforward psychedelic guitar-based operation. Pierce artfully thieves chord structures, riffs, attitude and song lyrics from the choicest recordings of the past fifty years. He has also been known to divide his royalty checks between copious amounts of class A's and lavishly designed/glow in the dark sleeves for Spiritualized albums. The three main ones, 'Laser Guided Melodies', 'Pure Phase', and 'Ladies and Gentleman....' are great listens and achieve a balance between distortion fueled rock n' roll and lushly expansive melancholic numbers. The latest single, Stop your Crying, is a good example of the latter, more distinctive side of Pierce's songwriting. Get your tickets early.



Pierce: fucked up fanatic

BRIAN KENNEDY

THURSDAY 27 SEP
OLYMPIA £19.50/£20/£21

This maker of super-bland, earnest, chest-beating pop is an easy target, but we have to fill space so here goes. A whimpering acolyte of latter day Van Morrison, Kennedy's 'serious' music career has faltered so badly that he can now be found duetting with the most objectionable member of Boyzone, Ronan Keating. When not churning out such shit, he spends his time cravenly grasping after A-list celebrity status that has and will continue to elude him. It is surprising indeed that enough people like this non-entity to warrant two shows in the Olympia, but be a dear and buy your granny a ticket: she'll love it.

AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM

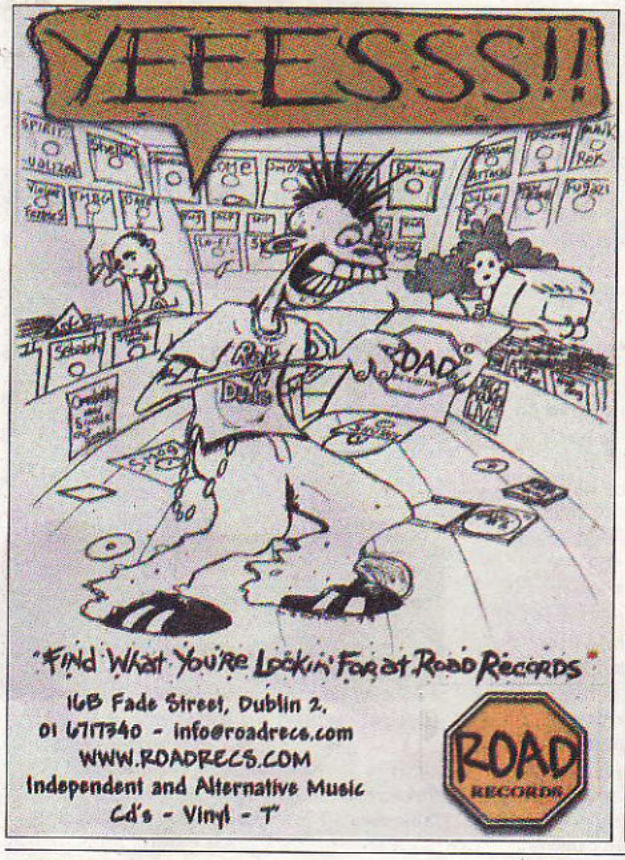
SATURDAY 29 SEP
AMBASSADOR £20/£22.50

Even if they veer dangerously close to the dreaded world music genre (infested with shit musicians and with shit-heads in general), the Afro-Celts are pretty alright themselves. The key to their appeal is energy, which they display in abundance onstage. You'll find plenty of drums, fiddles, samples, and a few earthy looking chicks dancing away merrily. Their chaotic sound can be a bit puzzling on record but as an in-your-face live act they make quite a lot of sense. They're touring to promote their latest album, and while tickets are pricey, this should still be worth a look.

THE PERNICE BROS

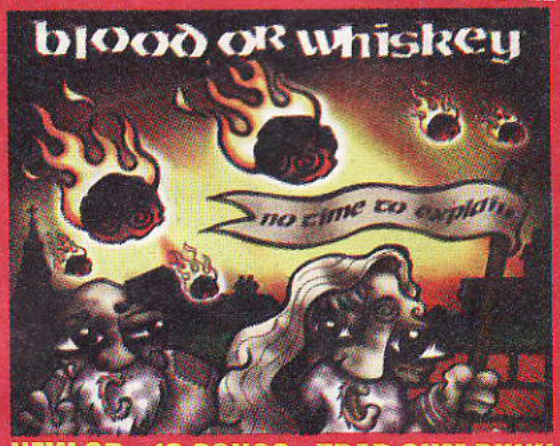
SATURDAY 29 SEP
VICAR ST, 8.30PM £11

Rising from the ashes of alt.country band the Scud Mountain Boys, the Pernice Brothers carved a niche for themselves in the area of melodic, country-tinged rock with their acclaimed 1998 debut album, 'Overcome by Happiness'. With their recently released follow-up, 'The World Won't End', the Pernice Brothers head into soul-searching, pensive, orchestral rock territory, and they've been compared to the Brian Wilson, Alex Chilton and Nick Drake among others. Their live performances boast a lo-fi 'supergroup' made up of various members of American indie bands no one's ever heard of.



OUT NOW

INCLUDING THE HIT SINGLE 'NEVER BE ME'



NEW CD - 16 SONGS - TRAD CUM PUNK
FROM THE RECORD STORE (SEE LEFT)
ROAD RECORDS, COMET, FREEBIRD
+ USUAL OUTLETS

UPCOMING GIGS

WITH QUALITY gigs being few and far between this month, we are happy to report that October and November look little better - but at least we won't have to attack The 4 of Us to fill space in our next issue as we did in this one.

First off - some good news. **Mercury Rev**, the band who made an astonishing breakthrough after years in the indie desert with Deserters' Songs, are touring to promote the release of their new album. If their last gig here is anything to go by, it should be a cracking show.

Toxic present **New Model Army** for what should be a great gig in Eamon Dorans on Friday October 5th. The performance will be acoustic, and tickets are a tenner.

On the same night, all the wiggers will be getting money from mammy and daddy and buying tickets to **Scratch**, a touring London hip hop Club which will feature **J-Live, El the Sensai, Unspoken Heard**, and a few DJs with similarly ridiculous names. Should be worth checking out.

For those who were too drunk, too poor, or too on drugs in the dance tent at Witnness to catch **Tinderstix** - they're back again and playing in the Olympia on October 8th and 9th. The performance will be orchestral, and provided Stuart Staples and friends don't get too carried away, this could be the gig of the month. It'll be all seater to suit old people.

ALL THE LATEST ON WHAT SHIT IS GOING DOWN OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS . . .

The good news is that the **Cowboy Junkies** will be performing in the Olympia on October 23rd. But the bad news is the outrageous ticket prices. Anybody who pays £24 needs immeadiate brain surgery.

To Rococco Rot can be found in the Temple Bar Music Centre on October 25th. **Mogwai**, who performed in the Guinness hopstore, will be making a welcome return to Dublin, this time in the Olympia on November 7.

Elsewhere, the man who is the toast of the yuppies, **Nitin Sawney**, will be peddling his easy listening world music shite in The Ambassador in November. Expect the crowd to be made up of sandle wearing bankers and people who take the Mercury music award seriously.

Even worse is the face of friendly Country and Western music, **Nanci Griffith**, who will unfortunately be playing with her Blue Moon Orchestra in the Olympia. Terrible stuff. Expect her to be on the cover Hot Press, though - it is an MCD gig after all.

He's no happier than last time

Live Music Listings gigs@theslate.ie

SAT 1 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Classic Beatles**, Olympia £9.50
▶ **Gig City**, Whelan's, £6, 8pm
▶ **U2**, Slane, Sold Out

SAT 1 SEPTEMBER

▶ **The Bearded Baby**, Isaac Butt, 8.30pm

MON 3 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Backpacker's Night**, Isaac Butt, 8.30pm
▶ **Emma Cunningham and Chrissy Evans**, Whelans, £5, 8pm (CD for 1/2 price)

TUE 4 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Bright Eyes and Gemma Hayes**, Whelan's, £9.50, 8pm
▶ **Damien Rice, Sise, Sean Molloy, Karac Kennedy**, Doyles, £3, 9pm

WED 5 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Elkie Brooks**, Olympia £19.50, £22.50, £26.50
▶ **Eoin Coughlan with The Nellies, Jim Barret**, Whelan's, £6, 8pm
▶ **Marilyn Manson**, Point, £22.50 - £25

THURS 6 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Elkie Brooks**, Olympia £19.50, £22.50, £26.50
▶ **Pete Courtney & Dawn Kenny**, Whelan's, 8pm
▶ **Hal**, Isaac Butt, 8.30pm
▶ **The Pattern**, The Shelter, £8.50, 8pm

FRI 7 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Buffalo Souljah**, Olympia, £10.50
▶ **Jack L**, Olympia, £17.50/ £18.50/£19.50
▶ **Pierce Turner**, Vicar St, £11.50, 8.30pm
▶ **Saville**, Whelans, £8, 8pm
▶ **Tusk**, Isaac Butt, 8.30pm

SAT 8 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Entombed, Cathedral and Two Ton Predator**, The Shelter, £15
▶ **Lee Konitz**, Vicar St., £20/ £20, 8pm
▶ **Jack L**, Olympia, £17.50/ £18.50/£19.50
▶ **Buffalo Souljah**, Olympia, £10.50

SUN 9 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Declan O 'Rourke**, Whelans, 8pm

MON 10 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Backpacker's Night**, Isaac Butt, 8.30pm
▶ **Dudley Corporation, The Connect 4 Connection and Rollersparklers**, Whelan's, £5,
▶ **Gary Moore**, Olympia, £27.50 & £29.50
▶ **Spineshank**, Ambassador, £15-£16.50

TUE 11 SEPTEMBER

▶ **The Bearded Baby**, Isaac Butt, 8.30pm
▶ **Mic Christopher**, Whelans, 8pm
▶ **Kevin Montgomery**, The Shelter, £9
▶ **Paul O'Reilly**, Doyle's, £3, 9pm

WED 12 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Grand Drive**, Whelans, 8pm
▶ **The Kinsbury Manx and Howie Beck**, Temple Bar Music Centre £11.50/£13

THURS 13 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Cara Dillon**, HQ, £8.50
▶ **Heavy Flow**, The Shelter
▶ **Tattoo The Planet** with **Pantera, Slayer, Cradle of Filth** and **Static-X**, Point, £36.50/£37.50/£38.50

FRI 14 SEPTEMBER

▶ **The 4 of Us**, Vicar St, £14.50, 8.30pm

SAT 15 SEPTEMBER

▶ **The Fureys**, Vicar St, £12.50, 8.30pm
▶ **George Michael Experience**, Olympia, £8.50

TUE 18 SEPTEMBER

▶ **A celebration of The International Singer/ Songwriter nights**, Whelan's, 8pm

WED 19 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Martin Stephenson**, Whelan's, £10.50, 8pm

THURS 20 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Paul O' Reilly and Creative Controle**, Whelan's, 8pm
▶ **Lisa Stansfield**, Olympia £27.50

FRI 21 SEPTEMBER

▶ **National Prayer Breakfast**, Whelan's, 8pm

SAT 22 SEPTEMBER

The Reindeer Collective are innocent

▶ **The Jamm (tribute to The Jam)**, Olympia, £9.50
▶ **Joan of Arse**, Whelan's, 8pm
▶ **The Reindeer Section**, The Ambassador
▶ **Lisa Stansfield**, Olympia £27.50

SUN 23 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Ann Scott**, Whelan's, £6, 8pm
▶ **Suicide**, Ambassador, £14.50/£16.50 (Seated)

MON 24 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Jimmy Behan with The connect 4 Connection**, Whelan's, £5, 8pm

TUE 25 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Phil Callery**, Whelans, £7, 8pm

WED 26 SEPTEMBER

▶ **St. Germain**, Olympia, £23.50-£25.50
▶ **Hear'say**, Point, £too much
▶ **Popstar**, Whelan's, £6, 8pm
▶ **Spiritualised**, Olympia, £22.50 & £24.50

THURS 27 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Brian Kennedy**, Olympia, £19.50/£21/£22
▶ **Whirlygig**, Whelan's, £8/£7, 8pm

FRI 28 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Brian Kennedy**, Olympia, £19.50/£21/£22
▶ **Mahonie with Damien Frost**, Whelan's, £7, 8pm

SAT 29 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Australian Nirvana**, Olympia, £9.50
▶ **Afro Celt Sound System**, Ambassador, £20-£22.50
▶ **The Pernice Brothers**, Vicar St., £11, 8.30pm

SUN 30 SEPTEMBER

▶ **Blood Transfusion Celebrity Gig**, Whelan's, 8pm

VENUE CONTACT DETAILS

Doyle's, College Green, Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6710616 **The HQ:** 57, Middle Abbey St., Dublin 1. Tel: 01 8783345. www.imhf.com **The Olympia:** 72, Dame St., Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6777744. **The Point:** East link Bridge, North Wall Quay, Dublin 1. Tel: 01 8363633. **The Shelter:** 58-59, Thomas St., Dublin 8. Tel: 01 4545533. www.vicarstreet.com **Temple Bar Music Centre:** Curved St., Temple Bar, Dublin 2. Tel: 01 6709202 **Vicar St:** 58-59, Thomas St., Dublin 8. Tel: 01 4545533. www.vicarstreet.com **Whelan's:** 25, Wexford St., Dublin 2. Tel: 01 4780766 **Red Box:** Harcourt St., D2. Tel: 01 4780166

BOHEMIAN BULLSHIT

MOULIN ROUGE

REALEASED 6 SEPTEMBER
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

IT SEEMS Hollywood and MTV arrived in Paris about 80 years before the rest of the world. In this deliberately anachronistic musical, Nicole Kidman plays Satine, a star of the Moulin Rouge cabaret and a courtesan, who longs to be an actress. However, the show needs a wealthy backer. A duke - evil like most hereditary aristocrats - will comply and make Satine a star so long as he can do her first. Now, normally this would be no problem. He could put it wherever he liked. However, trying to identify her sugar daddy across a crowded dancefloor she sees the wrong guy, a penniless though talented writer, played by Ewan MacGregor. He's followed around all the while by four cartoon character 'Bohemians' one of whom is the shockingly irritating dwarf Toulouse Lautrec. Predictably our Ewan falls for Satine and before you can so much as fart he is wooing her with shitty 1980s pop songs. He then writes a musical which closely resembles the real situation and humps her silly under the duke's very nose.

It's all a bit avant-garde and terribly gay

However, Ewan grows jealous and cannot rest thinking that another man will touch his jewel. She also grows virtuous eschewing her erstwhile sluttish ways and enraging the effete duke. But fuck, she has TB and will surely die.

Yes, it sounds pretty bad and that's exactly what it is. It's all meant to be very surreal and jaunty, the kind of film actors make when given the run of themselves with lots of costumes, make-up, dancing and an almost total absence of ideas. Predictably we discover that love is the solution to just about every fucking thing (except TB alas!). MacGregor's voice has not been dubbed over for the songs which is strange as he noticeably struggles and has a weak shout on some notes. Kidman does a little better but with her icy, slightly priggish beauty, she seems miscast as a courtesan. Apparently this film has been winning plaudits on all sides. This is utterly incomprehensible.

CROCODILE DUNDEE IN LOS ANGELES

NOW PLAYING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

Paul Hogan is back and it ain't pretty. These days the geriatric Croc is living in the outback taking it easy. His wife (played by Hogan's real life wife Linda Kozlowski) is called off to L.A. to take over her father's newspaper after the suspicious death of the chief editor. Croc decides it's time to head off with his son Mikey to broaden their minds and experience a bit of life in the Big Smoke. Hence the whole family sets off for a series of wacky adventures with truly hilarious results. Predictably the truly woeful jokes still centre on the idea of an unsophisticated man of the earth in the city. Oh yeh, they uncover a worldwide smuggling ring while they're at it.

It is, let there be no doubt, less fun than a stick in the eye. This is not so much a film as a series of terribly unfunny and cringe-inducing scenes put together with the skill and thoughtfulness of a two-foot erection. One can only pray that the ancient Paul Hogan will snuff it soon and put us out of the misery of a fourth film. The guest appearance by Mike Tyson amazingly manages to beat even Hogan in the race for most comically untalented actor in the film.

ANGEL EYES

RELEASED 31 AUGUST
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

No marks for imagination in the casting of this somewhat confused action/love flick. La Lopez re-treads the tough-cop-secretly-looking-for-a-man territory, familiar from 'Out Of Sight' and 'MoneyTrain'. Her co-star, Jim Caviezel, adopts the same vacant stare and quasi-mystical platitude-spouting that won so many admirers in 'Thin Red Line'. He plays a reclusive amnesiac car-crash survivor, rescued from death's door by Lopez. A chance encounter a year later when he saves her from a near fatal ambush, sees their lives become intertwined and love rears its ugly head as they learn to help each other help themselves. It's all very predictable and workmanlike. The contrast between violent action scenes and soppy lovey-dovey bits is confusing and leaves you looking at your watch long before the inevitable happy ending. Lopez has a certain amount of magnetism as a leading lady. However, to date she has appeared in nothing but lamentable crap and she shows little ambition to do better. Moreover the prurient 'isn't she hot' shots which take up acres of space are becoming increasingly irritating. One to avoid like a mouldy plum.

Cinema

CINEMA CONTACT DETAILS:

Classic: 492 3699
IFC: 679 3477
IMC (DL): 280 7777
Ormonde: 278 0000
Santry: 842 8844
Savoy: 874 6000
Screen: 672 5500
Star Cen: 605 5700
UCI (Blan): 1850 525354
UCI (Clon): 848 5122
UCI (Tall): 459 8400
UGC (Parn): 872 8444

HEARTBREAKERS
NOW PLAYING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

Sigourney Weaver plays a con artist who together with her daughter (played ably by Jennifer Love Hewitt) enmeshes wealthy men and divests them of their dollars. Weaver ties them into marriage and then the daughter seduces them with her saucy ways. Divorce rapidly ensues and they come away a fair touch the wealthier. Together they line up one final victim, dying tobacco billionaire William B. Tensy, played by Gene Hackman. However complications arise when a former victim of the crew (played by Ray Liotta) comes looking for his lost love and then, wouldn't you believe it, the daughter goes and falls in love with an honest, down to earth guy.

It's certainly strange to see Miss Weaver in a comic role and to be fair the opening scenes in which Liotta is scammed are pretty funny. However, what could have been dark and menacing quickly descends rapidly into slush and Oprah-style bland moralising. The director diverts the story to illustrate that, although Weaver and Hewitt are con artists they remain in essence a mother and daughter. Moreover, much of the comedy is clumsy and heavy-handed. The mother's faux Russian accent employed in the seduction of our wealthy friend, is laughable rather than funny. Thankfully the two male leads put in good performances, Liotta pathetic as the disappointed ex and Hackman coughing and splurting his way into Weaver's clutches. Still not really worth it.

A KNIGHT'S TALE
RELEASED 31 AUGUST
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

This irritating cartoonesque film attempts to deflect the viewer from its utter emptiness by using various 'knowing' devices such as medieval crowds chanting modern songs. It's the tale of a starving squire who forges his dead knight's scrolls and becomes the Rocky Balboa of medieval European jousting. Of course along the way he falls in love with some beautiful, mongchild woman.

PLANET OF THE APES
NOW PLAYING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

Tim Burton might just be the only director on earth who could have pulled off a remake of 'The Planet' and although this film is hardly his best, it remains at least visually interesting.

A Yank astronaut played by Mark Wahlberg loses his spaceship and crash-lands on a strange planet where, (you guessed it), apes rule the roost. Mostly they are a pretty nasty crew and they imprison him. However, there are some good apples, including the gentle Ari played by Bonham Carter (she looks better as an ape). She helps Marky Mark escape though they are never far from the clutches of the nastier chimps led by General Thade.

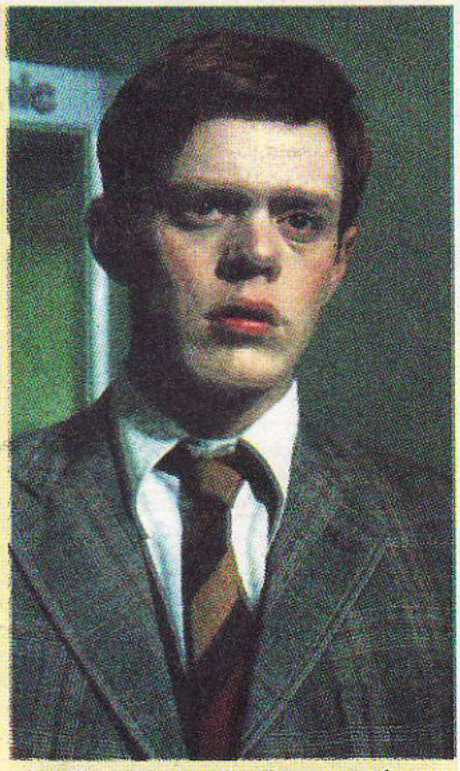
Unfortunately, as in some of Burton's worst movies, many of the jokes are esoteric, and end up being downright unfunny. Moreover, the whole thing plays a little too much like a farce for the action to be taken seriously. Oh yeh, prepare yourself for a pretty predictable and heavy-handed twist at the end.

A chunky monkey

THE SPUNKY MONKEY

THE MOST FERTILE MAN IN IRELAND
REALEASED 31 AUGUST
SELECTED CINEMAS

THE HUMAN race is gradually becoming extinct due to the male of the species' underperforming sperm. However, Eamonn Manly (played very well by Kris Marshall), a Belfast lad, finds he has a sperm count of billions and that he can impregnate stone walls. After many a moral dilemma he sets off on a single-handed and single-minded mission to set the problem straight. Problems arise when the Proddies and Pope-lovers argue over who should get the use of Eamonn seeing as they both want to boost their populations in advance of an upcoming referendum. Then there's Rosie (also played well by Kathy Kiera Clarke), the love of Eamonn's life who isn't too impressed with his extracurricular activities. You get the picture and if this type of story appeals to you a good time will certainly be had. Marshall fits the lead role admirably and is very funny at times. For once Belfast is portrayed as being reasonably happy and normal with the Provos no more than irritating morons with personality disorders. Unfortunately there is a silly love story at the tale's core which it must be said ruins it a bit. Still it is definitely worth checking out and could prove a big hit.



Another day, another impregnation

Cinema

JOSIE AND THE PUSSYCATS

NOW PLAYING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

America's leading boyband realise that they are being used by evil producers to get across subliminal advertisements to the youth of the nation. They are promptly murdered. In order to replace them, the phenomenon that is Josie and the Pussycats is cooked up from scratch. However, the girls soon cop on to their hidden role and soon have to avoid the same fate as their predecessors.
As you probably suspected from the ads, this is not good at all. When mainstream American movies attempt to employ irony they brush it on with industrial strength paint. Pretty soon any attempt at satire is thrown to the wind and the girls go all 'Charlie's Angels' and start kicking ass left, right and centre.

LUCKY BREAK

NOW PLAYING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

After they botch a bank heist small time crooks Jimmy and Rudy (played by James Nesbitt and Lennie James) find themselves in the clink. Rooting around for a means of escape, they discover that the prison governor is an avid musical fan and desires to see his own opus Nelson, the Musical, performed. They indulge his vision whilst they plan their break.
This comedy is the second feature from 'The Full Monty' director Peter Cattaneo and you'll recognise the same formula - lots of farce combined with social realism. However, where it worked in his first film, here it is far too cutesy for its own good.
If you find big gnarly men singing in an effeminate manner amusing this is for you as most of the humour revolves around that idea.

THE PAROLE OFFICER

NOW PLAYING
CINEMAS NATIONWIDE

Steve Coogan stars as a Manchester based, mild mannered and underachieving parole officer. When he witnesses a corrupt cop murdering a drug pusher he is collared with the crime. The only way to clear his name is to break into a bank vault to get a security tape of the murder and to this end he assembles a motley crew of old 'clients', many of whom are as bad at their jobs as he is. However, the rotten cop is wise to the scheme and things don't exactly run smoothly.
It's an entertaining farce with Coogan very effective in the lead role and a strong support cast. Some of the humour aims a bit low with numerous 'ha ha, he fell over' scenes but nonetheless there are some excellent set pieces and send-ups.

Animated antics

FINAL FANTASY: THE SPIRITS WITHIN

NOW PLAYING

It's 2065 and two factions have different ideas of how to boot out some alien invaders. One wants to put a nuclear bomb up their arses and the other to tap the earth's 'eight spirits' to revive the planet's regenerative powers. Oh yeh, it's all animated. Not as bad as you'd think.

THE REALLY BAD ONES

RUSH HOUR 2

Two of the world's most irritating comic actors are reunited in this sub-B-grade heap of shite. Basically this is a repeat of the first film with slightly different explosions, fight scenes and villians. Extremely tedious stuff not helped any by the heavy handed playing for laughs of Chris Rock and Jackie Chan.

DR DOLITTLE 2

Eddie Murphy's shows again just how horribly he has squandered his talents. This time the doctor has to find a mate for a bear and find some time for his family. For those of you unfortunate enough, by some accident of fate, to see this film, be prepared for the truly horrible. Much of the comedy relies on talking animals, supposedly cute but in reality insufferably grating.

The cunt is behind you and you're one too

JURASSIC PARK III

The run of sequels continues with this impossibly dull rehash of the first two movies. A rich guy wants to check out the Lost World island and ends up getting eaten when things go 'horribly wrong'. Sam Neill has a hard time keeping a straight face.

CATS AND DOGS

Cats and dogs have been fighting for centuries, dogs to protect their owners and cats to control them and we get to hear the hilarious shit that goes on betwen them. There is no good reason why children's movies should be this annoying.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES

ANDREW'S LANE THEATRE
TO 22 SEPT £12/15

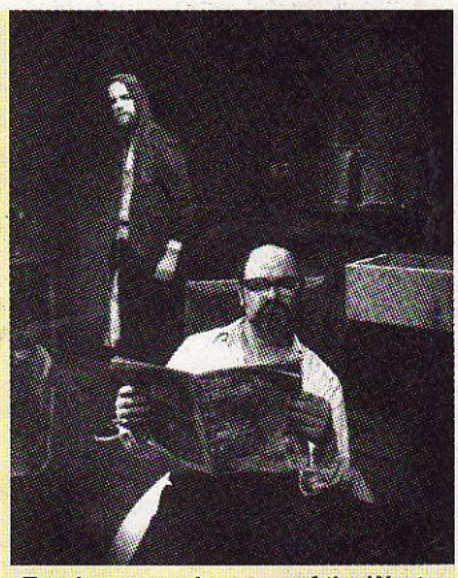
This Alan Ayckbourn play is a snapshot of three pretty woeful English marriages, the spouses of which are to differing degrees acquainted, Frank being the boss of the other two males, William and Bob. At two dinner parties, staged simultaneously, but in reality on different nights, they play out a variety of farcical scenarios. Ayckbourn's characters are mostly annoying boring stereotypes: the Guardian reading frumpy earth-mother, the absent-minded tweed clad husband, etc. But he does brilliantly send up the famous British understatement and reserve. Continuous stage action goes someway to distract from amateurish and overacted performances and with the arrival of the socially petrified Featherstones the play finally reaches properly farcical proportions. The mostly middle-aged audience snort with laughter and seem to end up having a politely good time. The clever and well-executed theatrical device, which allows the twin household scenarios to be played out simultaneously, saves this farce from falling into the truly dire category. Go only if you must.

LONESOME WEST IS BEST

LONESOME WEST

GAIETY THEATRE
TO 29 SEPT, 8PM, £10-22

WHEN THE curtain goes up on 'The Lonesome West' and the actors begin to speak you can't help but think 'Great! Another country kitchen; another peasant play' but McDonagh's play, while not subtle, is certainly rural Ireland as you have never seen it before. The plot involves two feuding brothers and a priest burdened with spending their lives in "the murder capital of Europe". Fuelled by poitin - stolen, bought or bribed from the local peddler, Girleen - the characters are drawn into a series of comic situations and set-pieces that will subvert any notions of quaint, rustic Ireland. Stalwart performances, from Maeliosa Stafford and Brian F. O'Byrne in particular, bring the characters beyond the caricatures they are meant to embody, and the laughter provoked at the violence and sordid existence of these pitiable



Two lonesome bogmen of the West

peasants is entertaining even as it is unsettling. This is the sort of devious hilarity that makes McDonagh's plays so successful world-wide and so popular with even the dumbest of audiences. The grotesque, heightened world is completely accessible: something like a rural Tarantino film - violent, gory yet vaguely moralistic - but with a bite, and a very funny one at that.

THE HUNT FOR RED WILLIE

PEACOCK THEATRE
TO 20 SEPT £5-£17.50

Ken Bourke's farce is back at the Peacock and it still ain't pretty. A Donegal landowner, Harry McMullen dies of a heart attack while pursuing 'Red Willie', the mysterious bandit and people's hero. A great deal of farcical mayhem ensues as suspicions rest on Fardy McHugh, the lover of the dead man's daughter. It's all played with the requisite energy but this doesn't stop the relentless innuendo of the script grating horribly. It's more summer tourist fodder, laden with Irish literary references and heavy handed cliched jokes. Avoid.

TRANSLATING STEREOTYPES

TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY THEATRE
TO 20 SEPT, 8PM, £5/17.50

THERE IS something decidedly cynical about the National Theatre's policy of sticking to established, tried-and-tested Irish playwrights during the summer months; the aim, no doubt, is to ensure as many American tourist bums on seats as possible. Certainly, Brian Friel's Translations is unlikely to shatter any Yankee fantasy of Ireland as a nation of saints, scholars, and alcoholics whose rich culture of poetry and learning was destroyed by the arrival of the Brits (who, of course, in the proud tradition of countless Hollywood blockbusters, are either stone-hearted tyrants or effete wimps). Nevertheless, Friel's play tosses around a few interesting ideas about the relationship between language, history, and national identity. British soldiers arrive in the wilds of Donegal in order to translate the Irish placenames into the King's good English, causing immense upheaval and destroying the local tradition of learning in the process. While this travesty ought to be deeply moving, Friel's play is curiously unaffecting -

Ah tis washed away, to be sure

partly, perhaps, due to its rather ponderous, pedantic nature. These quibbles aside, this is as enjoyable a production of Translations as you're likely to see; the direction, stage design and fine cast cannot be faulted.

Theatre

THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED

BEWLEY'S THEATRE
TO 20 SEPT £8 (INC. LUNCH)

Be sure to drop into Bewley's for some lunchtime drama that may be the best value in town this month. Tennessee William's rarely seen one-act play is a great choice. First performed in 1942, it is a delicate glance at the American underclass of the Great Depression years. Willie, an abandoned 13-year-old girl, gets by as best she can, scraping a miserable existence on the outskirts of a small Mississippi town. Her life is tough and hopeless until she meets Tom, another outcast and suddenly something less desperate seems possible. The leading actors, Owen McConnell and Sarah Jane Drummey, are excellent and Bairbre Ni Chaoimh's direction is impressive.

THE LADY BOYS OF BANGKOK

OLYMPIA THEATRE
11-16 SEPT £17.50-£25

The same crew who brought the mindfuck that was the Chinese State Circus to Dublin now present, for the second time in two years, this bizarre and highly entertaining show. It's described as 'a sizzling spectacular of dance, comedy and cabaret with flamboyant costumes, immaculate make-up and show-stopping choreography'. That's all true but it doesn't come close to suggesting how unusual it all is. The 'Ladyboys', the product of a long Thai tradition of performing genderbenders, dance, sing, flirt and giggle for two hours, thoroughly charming even the most homophobic or straight-laced audience member. Last year their macabre tribute to Abba, proved the highpoint of an extremely well received show. New routines which will outshine such efforts are promised but whatever they may be, you can be pretty certain that they will be twisted. Tickets were very difficult to get hold of last time, so booking early is recommended.

THEATRE CONTACT DETAILS:

Abbey & Peacock *878 7222*
Andrew's Lane *679 5720*
Bewley's *086 978 4001*
The Crypt *671 3387*
The Gate *874 4045*
The Gaiety *677 1717*
New Theatre *670 3361*
The Olympia *677 7744*
The Pavilion *231 2929*
The Project *1850 260027*
Ticketmaster *1890 925 100*
The Tivoli *454 6367*

ANGELENE

CRYPT THEATRE
4-22 SEPT £6/9

This new Irish play in the Dublin Castle venue is the inaugural production of theatre company Aistear Productions, formed to promote daring new Irish writing. Angelene, an innocent young girl, becomes pregnant and goes abroad to procure a herb that facilitates abortion. However, before she can do this, she is stopped by the authorities and taken before the courts where a cruel inquisitor, Laius, seeks to punish her and her family. Now while this sounds like a heavy handed parable for modern Ireland, it may yet prove interesting. It takes Greek tragedy as its model and seeks to use the classic form to elucidate a contemporary affair, the X-case. Worth checking out though it might prove painful.

TO BE QUEEN

CUBE AT THE PROJECT
5-15 SEPT £5/8

Another piece involving a pregnancy at the Project. It will make for, at the least, interesting viewing. Irma Grothius', who has written a number of works for children is the author. It concerns the problems faced by a pregnant queen when she loses the faith and trust of her subjects. Although it obeys many of the conventions of children's fairytales, it also illuminates more serious 'adult' issues such as destiny, the will to power and the individual's relationship with the past. The humour is dark and biting putting a severe sting into the tale. Sile Nic Chonaonaigh, who takes on the difficult role of the queen, should put in a good performance and the Christopher White, the director, is talented and capable.

THIS PLAY SURE HURTS

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE

GATE THEATRE
4-22 SEPT, 8PM, £12/17

After the droll overdose of Blithe Spirit, Beckett's stark play is very welcome at the Gate, especially as it presents another opportunity to see John Hurt in this, one of his most celebrated stage roles.

Krapp, an arid old bastard, plays tapes of his voice, recorded many years previous, and thus partly relates the tale of an abandoned love affair. Beckett's brilliant script subtly illustrates the flight of hope and the withering away of illusions with old age. There is no respite or redemption offered as the old man scorns his younger self with unrelenting bitterness.

It was perhaps the most successful of the Beckett films screened earlier this year and featured a great performance from Hurt who fits the part nicely though his face is perhaps a little too kindly.

At about an hour in length, this one act play is not going to provide great doses of entertainment. It's also about as bleak as theatre gets and makes for a wrist-slitting evening. Moreover, Beckett provided very precise stage directions and thus different productions are almost identical. Hence if you have seen it before expect a near facsimile production, though Hurt's performance is worth the ticket price itself. All told, though, it is probably the best piece of theatre in Dublin this month.

It's about make-up and boys!

I don't understand. What the hell is going on?

I want to go home

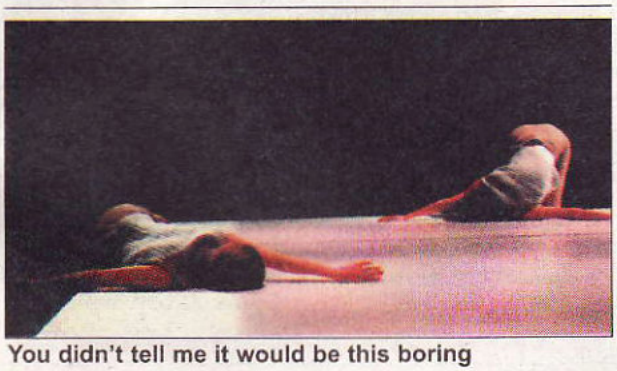
The Fringe Festival keeps the cutting edge

AT THE end of the month it will be festival time again and a very wide variety of acts will be pass through the city. Many will be painful, some will be miserable and with any luck a few will be brilliant.

From Monday 24 September to Saturday 13 August the Fringe Festival will be bringing some fucked up theatre, dance, comedy and film to the city

The Fringe is made up of 65 mostly smale scale events spread across dozens of venues, with over 300 performances in total. So unless you are unemployed and very rich, you're unlikely to get to more than a few shows. Nonetheless making the effort to get to at least a couple will be well repaid. There are plays to suit most tastes, spanning a depiction of the experiences of Irish women in prison by Australian actors in Mountjoy itself (**The Women's Jail, Project 10-13 Oct**), a kinky transvestite musical based on the Bond films (**Bondage 26-29 Sep, Cobalt Cafe**) and a tale of desire by one of the Parisian underworld's most notorious pervs (**The Maids by Jean Genet 1-6 Oct, Project**). And that's just a fairly random sample.

Indeed the quality comedy acts alone merit a number of excursions. The excellent **Andrew Maxwell** plays at the HQ (**10 Oct**) and on **13 Oct** the highly entertaining **Ross Noble** plays at the same venue. However the comedy highlight will be **Rich Hall's Otis Lee Crenshaw (Olympia 12 Oct)**. The winner of the 2000 Perrier Award is one of the very best comedians around and fantastic in live performance.



You didn't tell me it would be this boring

SOME OF THE HIGHLIGHTS

- **David Mamet's The Shawl: 1-6 Oct, Andrew's Lane**
- **Puppetry of the Penis: 4 Oct, Olympia**
- **Ian McEwan's Butterflies: 8-13 Oct, International Bar**
- **Rough Magic's Midden: 8-13 Oct, Draiocht**
- **Loose Canon's Macbeth: 8-13 Oct, SFX**
- **Aidan Coleman's Songs of Joyce: 8-13 Oct, Bewley's Cafe**
- **Stephen Berkoff's Kvetch: 8-13 Oct, Crypt**
- **The Gare St Lazaire Players' 'Beckett Trilogy': 25-29 Sep, Civic Theatre**

FOR FRINGE INFORMATION CALL 1800 374 643

Comedy arts@theslate.ie

THE HA'PENNY INN
WELLINGTON QY 677 0616
ALL SHOWS 9PM, £3.50/£5

TUES: BATTLE OF THE AXE

The best night at this small comedy club. Punters from all walks compete in a mildly confrontational atmosphere. Some good acts and some awful ranging from singer-songwriters to comics and mime artists. Good one for checking out new talent.

WEDS: THE COMEDY ROOM

New comedy night that hasn't yet shown much life. The well-established acts easily outshine the newer comics.

THURS: HA'PENNY LAUGH IMPROV COMEDY

Uneven improvisation night that can be underattended and is more miss than hit.

THE INTERNATIONAL
WELLINGTON QY 677 9250
ALL SHOWS 9PM, £5

MON: COMEDY IMPROV

Excellent night of improvised comedy featuring top-notch comics. Unfortunately, as with all improv, some routines don't work.

WEDS: COMEDY CELLAR

Simply one of the best comedy nights in the city which attracts a very enthusiastic crowd. The launching pad for a whole generation of comics, it looks likely to find a few more. A number of established comics also stop in to try out their new stuff when it's still at the experimental stage. Amazing quality for a small venue.

THURS: INT. COMEDY CLUB

Very well established comedy night that is well worth the money. Of late it has been fairly uneven and can flag a little. However, chances are still in your favour and at the price it's hardly much of a risk.

THE EXPENSIVE FAMOUS ONES

PHIL KAY
OLYMPIA THEATRE, 2 SEP, £16.50/18.50

This Scot is becoming quite a regular on the Dublin comedy scene. His highly entertaining show is a non-stop burst of energy from start to finish. Unfortunately some of his 'madcap' routines, such as getting naked etc., are becoming a little hackneyed. Still he makes Billy Connolly, who is performing in the Point a few days earlier, look like the tired old cunt he is.

Philthy Phil Kay

JIM EOIN
OLYMPIA THEATRE, 5&6 OCT, £17/18

Although you should, as a matter of principle, never trust a man with two first names, Eoin puts on a very entertaining stand-up show. Surprisingly for a man who became famous in Australia, his is a low key act, depending on wry observation and subtle jokes.

TOMMY TIERNAN
OLYMPIA THEATRE, 6 SEP, £16.50

Tiernan is one of the most prominent and successful of all Irish comedians and deservedly so. His act, mostly based on observations on relationships, is extremely well polished without being overly predictable. A very classy comic.

LAUGHTER LOUNGE
EDEN QY 1800 266 339
ALL SHOWS 9PM, £12

31 Aug- 1 Sep: RICK RIGHT Paddy Courtney, Michael Downey, PJ Gallagher

This looks a strong lineup to start the month. Rick Right is a good headline act and PJ Gallagher and Paddy Courtney always impress.

7&8 Sep: ADAM HILLS Brendan Reilly, Grassy Noel, Brendan Burke

This looks like the best line-up of the month. MC Brendan Burke should gel well with Hills' excellent act.

13-15 Sep: TOM RHODES Kevin Hayes, James Ghouldsbury, Frankie Boyle

A good line-up with the very popular Tom Rhodes as the headline act though it will be weaker in the supporting pieces.

20-22 Sep: TEXT IN THE CITY

A newish night of improvisation comedy from the 'Whose line is it anyway?' crew. You are invited to bring your mobile phones to participate in the fun. It really is hard to imagine a worse possible theme.

27-29 Sep: BEN NORRIS Deirdre O'Kane, John Moyne, Paddy Courtney

A fairly run of the mill weekend at Dublin's leading comedy venue. Deirdre O'Kane should impress and Paddy Courtney is a capable MC but the leading act is unremarkable.

PERRIER MAN

DUBLINER JASON Byrne, who has put on some great shows in the city over the last year, narrowly lost out at the Edinburgh Festival Perrier award. Finally the crazy bastard's talents seem to have been recognised and, although he didn't win, we can all look forward to having to pay £20 to see him from him.

Byrne: Crazy bastard